ECIAL
DEN STATE
ISSUE

LESS THAN FICTION—ALEXANDER STAR

SEPTEMBER 5, 1994 · $2.95

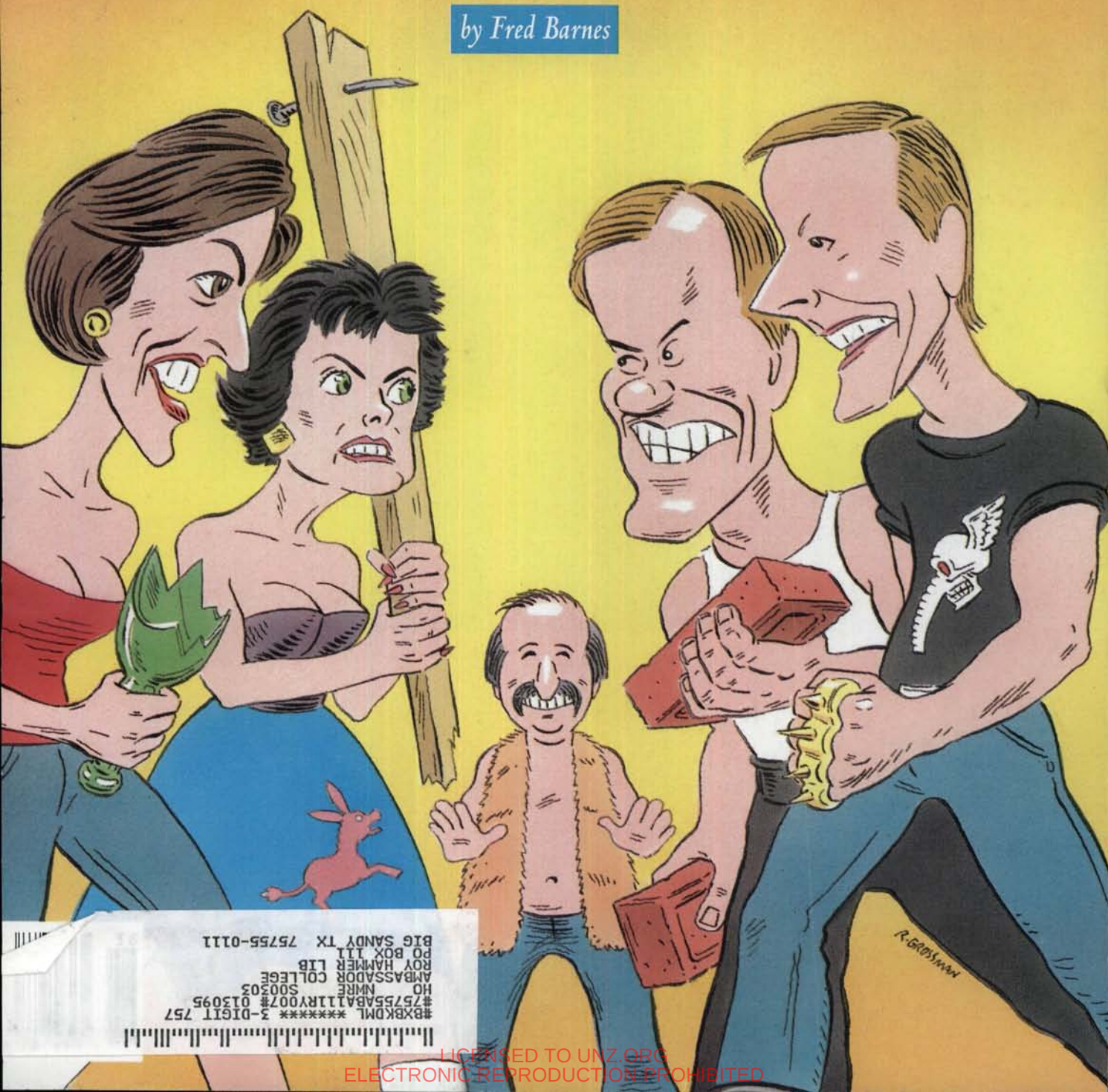
THE NEW REPUBLIC

nglewood's Urban Heaven • Glendale's Suburban Hell • A Death in Venice

WEST COAST STORY

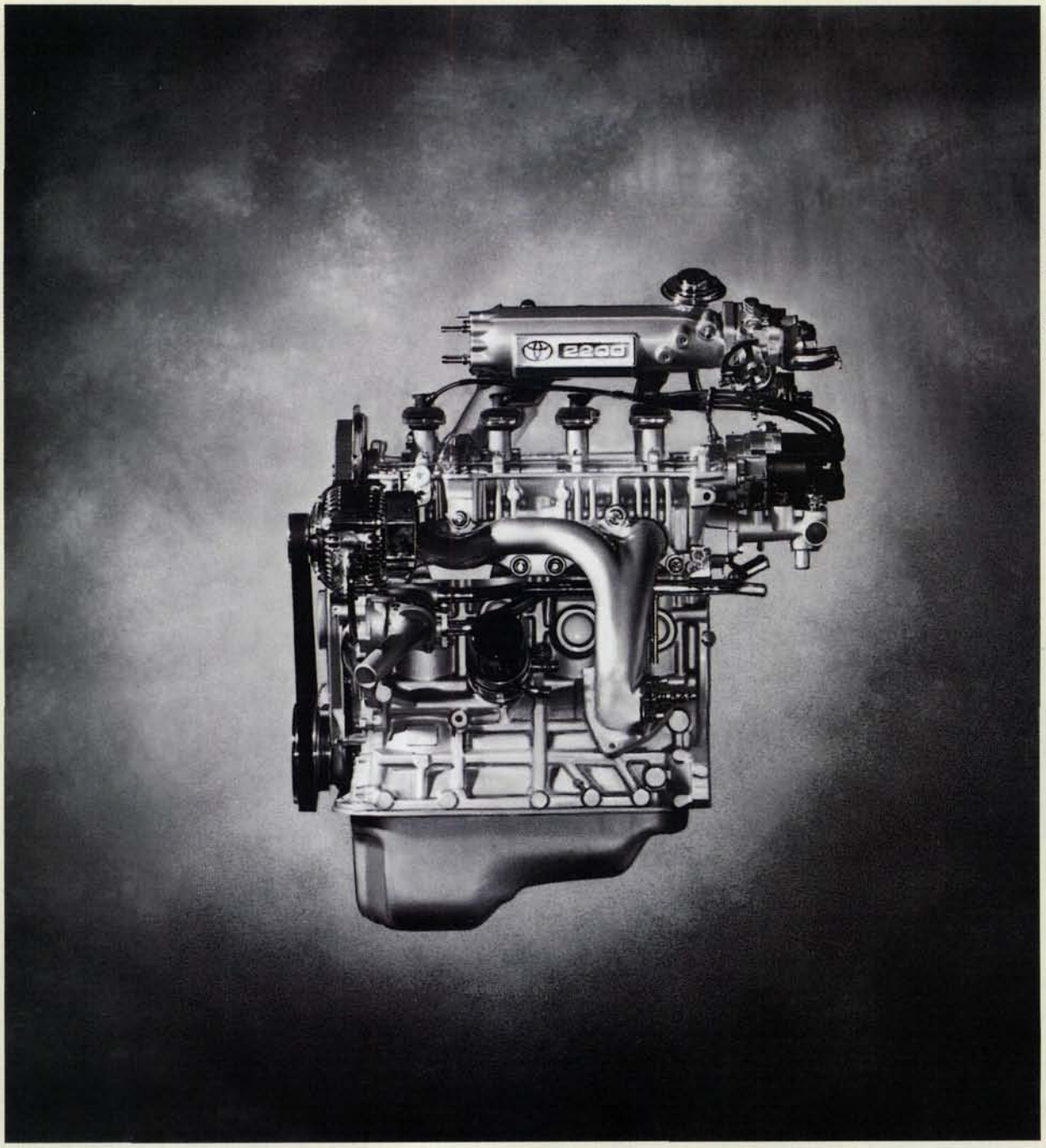
California's Candidates Slug It Out Over Crime

by Fred Barnes



#BXBKDML ******* 3-DIGIT 757
#757558A11RY007# 013095
HO NWRE S00303
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© 1994 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

The 2.2 liter DOHC Camry engine. Made in Georgetown, Kentucky.

IT ALSO DRIVES THE ECONOMY.

AT TOYOTA, we're continuing our commitment to building in America. In fact, at our manufacturing plant in Kentucky, we're producing nearly 250,000 engines per year. It's part of Toyota's $5 billion investment in American manufacturing, an investment that's driving more than 16,000 direct jobs across America.

INVESTING IN THE THINGS WE ALL CARE ABOUT. **TOYOTA**

For more information about Toyota in America write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900-D5, New York, NY 10019.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

REC'D AUG 2 3 1994

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 5, 1994

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,155

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
DAVID SHIPLEY

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, WESTON KOSOVA, CHARLES LANE, MICHAEL LEWIS, ROBERT WRIGHT

Deputy Editor
EVAN SMITH

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARY JO SALTER

Dance
MINDY ALOFF

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Editors
RUTH SHALIT, ALEXANDER STAR

Assistant Literary Editor
NADER MOUSAVIZADEH

Assistant Editor
AMY KNOX SHEFFER

Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Director
SUZAN REVAH

Copy Editor
DEBRA DUROCHER

Staff Writer
HANNA ROSIN

Reporter-Researchers
LAURA HODES, DANTE RAMOS, JOSHUA SHENK, MARK THOMPSON, ALYSON TODD

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Associate Publisher-Advertising
JAMES J. McCABE

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

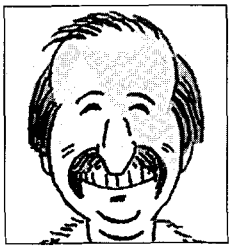
Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

New York Coordinator
SUZANNE McENTEE

Circulation Assistant
CAROLYN PARHAM

Back Issues and Reception
DORIS RIDLEY



Cover by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 30.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Good news about CNN, the deadbeat dads dilemma &c.

6 **ROBERT WRIGHT** TRB: FIELD MICE Baseball's owners are blood-sucking vermin.

7 **THE EDITORS** CASTRO CONVERTIBLE Hastening the Cuban leader's fall.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Starr wars, O.J. tie-ins, a TNR apology &c.

9 **STEPHEN RODRICK** WOODSTOCK POSTCARD: GONE TO POT Two days of mud and Pepsi.

10 **WESTON KOSOVA** ON THE HILL: WHERE'S THE PORK? The GOP devours the crime bill.

12 **SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ** DOUBLE-CROSSED Europe's invisible walls.

13 **ANDRES OPPENHEIMER** PRI-EMPTED Losing by winning in Mexico.

17 **PAUL OFFNER** CRITICAL MASS William Weld's slipshod welfare reforms.

18 **CHARLES LANE** THE PRESS: BROCK CROCK The lies and times of a Serbian flack.

21 **DOUGLAS J. FEITH AND FRANK GAFFNEY JR.** TOXIC TREATY Against the Chemical Weapons Convention.

SPECIAL CALIFORNIA ISSUE

22 **ALEX GIBNEY** SUBURBAN BLIGHT There's no peace in Glendale.

23 **DAVID E. HAYES-BAUTISTA AND GREGORY RODRIGUEZ** INGLEGOOD A hopeful urban tale.

27 **JENNIFER ALLEN** A DEATH IN VENICE Why I left Los Angeles.

30 **FRED BARNES** CRIME SCENE For Pete Wilson, Kathleen Brown, Dianne Feinstein, Michael Huffington and other Golden State candidates this year, the No. 1 issue isn't immigration or the economy. It's law and order.

34 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: DISHING IT OUT Arnold Schwarzenegger subverts himself.

36 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ON THEATER: AN AMERICAN LIFE Joe Papp's Public Theater and private troubles.

38 **PETER GREEN** THE CARE OF THE SOUL *The Therapy of Desire* by Martha C. Nussbaum

42 **JEROME KAGAN** OUR BABIES, OUR SELVES *Children First* by Penelope Leach

46 **ALEXANDER STAR** THE RULES OF DISTRACTION *The Informers* by Bret Easton Ellis

47 **DANIEL AARON** THE MID-AMERICAN SCHOLAR *V. L. Parrington* by H. Lark Hall

48 **BARBARA HELFGOTT HYETT** POEM *Atlantic Ridley Sea Turtle*

50 **MARTIN PERETZ** CAPE COD DIARIST: SYMBOLIC POLITICS

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 211, Number 10, Issue 4,155, September 5, 1994. (Printed in the U.S. on August 17, 1994.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, Aug. 22 & 29, and Sept. 19 & 26, 1994) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1994 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: editors@tnr.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Networking

To the editors:

Tom Rosenstiel's attack on CNN (and electronic journalism at large) ("The Myth of CNN," August 22 & 29) is a tiresome repeat of worn-out myths, monsters and mores seen in print during our fourteen-year history. For the most part it is bunk, wet whinings from some who once ran the world with their front pages and editorial opinions. It does not work that way anymore. Too bad.

CNN is not any one thing—not a wire service, not a newscast, not a newspaper, not a magazine. It can be all three, and also radio, with live reporters, sometimes in real danger, bringing real drama—some of what was the old *Life* magazine and a part of *Time* and a piece of *Newsweek*. Our news items run from a ten-second story read by an anchor to seventeen-minute reports by our special assignment unit to a 100-part series on education. Yes, 100 parts. At times we have gone days and weeks on one story—such as Soviet coup attempts No. 1 and No. 2—bringing together reporting, analysis, commentary, opinion, fact, videotape, still pictures and viewer phone-ins. It's a combination unlike any in journalism. And all of this can be seen instantly around the globe, carried on fourteen different satellites.

Rosenstiel's disappointment that we make use of technology available to us is amusing. What would he have us do—ignore uplinks and digital and compression technology? We in television news sit at tables or show videotape or go live from a helicopter or stand up in the field and report. So, whattya expect? We are there for those who are serious news viewers, who care about the world around them and who want more than the twenty-one minutes and thirty seconds provided by the entertainment networks. Sadly, Rosenstiel knows all this. Well, you have to sell magazines, too.

Speaking of numbers, if you add up the viewers who watch all the news programs on each of the entertainment networks and all who watch CNN you will find the four about even. We reach ours over twenty-four hours; the entertainment networks do it in fewer hours. One major difference is the quality of our viewers, who are among the best educated and most affluent of any watching television.

As with *The Los Angeles Times*, Rosenstiel's employer, we provide a general interest, family news service. We report fires and politics, murders, weather, baseball, movies, personalities. We try to cover and report on many things, sometimes doing it better than at other times. We hope it is done with taste. And this is all we do, unlike the entertainment networks. We have earned our legitimacy with thousands of hours of coverage from the U.N. and Congress and from Bosnia and Haiti and Somalia and North Korea, when much of the world really did not care and did not watch. We have paid our news dues. So when an O.J. or Tonya or Bobbitt comes along, we will give it a helluva run.

I can't conclude without taking note of Rosenstiel's spanking of us for the reporting on President Clinton's lollies in Little Rock, when his own newspaper had two reporters there for several months and ran some excellent stories on the same topic. As did *The Washington Post*. Not bad company.

ED TURNER
Executive Vice President, CNN
Atlanta, Georgia

Tom Rosenstiel replies:

Although I have never ruled the world or controlled a front page, I have reported on CNN for the last eleven years and have come to three simple conclusions about the way the network has contributed to the dramatic changes in the press. First, most of CNN's success has been technological, not journalistic. When covering events that have already happened, CNN is strangely unimaginative, offering little distinction between what is new and what is significant. The network has failed to fully exploit its great advantage: its time. The second conclusion is that some of CNN's effect has been baneful. CNN's linking of foreign ministries worldwide has not simply brought the world closer to peace. It has also reduced the time governments have to respond to events and it has given a voice to tinpot dictators. Moreover, the sharing of video that CNN helped facilitate, in which all stations around the globe have pictures at the same time, has at times added to confusion, to the illusion of understanding, and to the lessening of journalistic standards. Ted Turner's vision of using cable to link the world was visionary but simplistic. The technological advance of having more information faster is not an unalloyed good. In the end, it depends on the people who operate it.

The price is right

To the editors:

James Ledbetter's critique of the relocation of New York state offices from the World Trade Center in New York City ("Not-So-Super Mario," August 1) was misleading. It gave readers unfamiliar with renting and leasing office space in New York City the incorrect impression that the New York state Office of General Services (OGS) is incompetent in carrying out its job of managing buildings the state owns and leases. The truth is that OGS is run by public servants who make professional judgments. We're not perfect, but we know a lot more about real estate than Ledbetter does.

Ledbetter criticizes the move of the

#1

The Best Source For Association And Non-Profit Organization News.

Give us a call for a free three-week trial subscription and see for yourself.

WEEKLY NEWS OF ASSOCIATIONS, CVBS AND HOTELS **USAE**

4341 Montgomery Avenue, Bethesda, Md 20814 • (800) 627-8723

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State Labor Department office to Fulton Landing in Brooklyn. The site was chosen for good reasons: the building configuration provided more usable square footage for the cost than did other buildings; there was a shortage of large blocks of fully renovated and functional office space in the area; rents were in line with fair market rents at comparable locations; the site was close to Manhattan; and the project helped redevelop Brooklyn and maintain the city's manufacturing base.

Ledbetter also criticizes the move of state offices to the Gertz Building in Jamaica, Queens. He fails to report that rates paid for space in the Gertz Building are lower than rental rates for renovated office space elsewhere in Queens and are actually at the level of warehouse rents. The initial rate was higher because it included the amortized cost of renovations over the first five years of the lease. Even if the renovation costs were amortized over the life of the lease, the rate would be well under market value for office space in New York City.

In criticizing the move of the Division of Parole to the Stuart Building in Jamaica, Ledbetter neglects to point out that the division was never a tenant of the World Trade Center and that the Stuart Building is used as a reporting station for parolees. It is difficult to find landlords to rent space for offices that will be patronized by paroled convicts because of the perceived risk these clients are believed to pose. As a result, it is necessary to pay premium rates to house such unpopular offices. In addition, Jamaica has few choices for renovated office space.

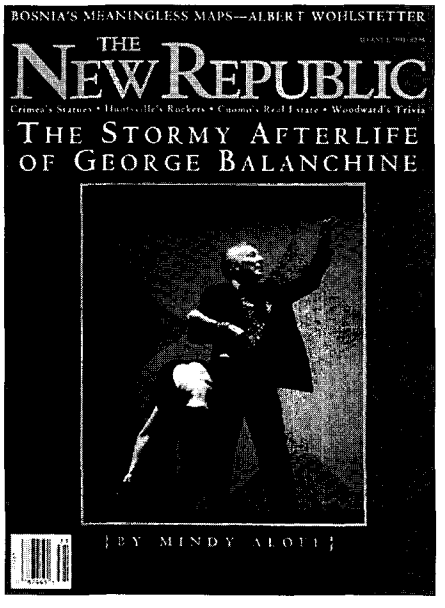
We believe that the World Trade Center relocation project has had a positive economic effect on the communities where the state leasing has occurred. In all instances where the state has moved out into the private sector it has meant an infusion of real property tax dollars to New York City because these buildings are now back on the tax rolls. The state itself has gained, too, because the new tenants of the World Trade Center are currently paying rents well in excess (between $30 and $35 per square foot) of those paid by the state agencies that moved.

ROBERT B. ADAMS
Commissioner, Office of General Services
New York, New York

Childish

To the editors:

Although Paul Offner has many statistics in his article on child support ("Kid Stuff," August 1) he has only one that relates to how much child support is owed or paid, and that one is only half-right. Offner writes, "The Department of Health and Human Services reports that of the $47 billion in child support that should be collected in 1994, only $13 billion actually will be paid." The $13 billion figure is correct. The $47 billion figure is from Dr. Elaine Sorenson of the Urban Institute, who did a mathematical model that proposed that "if we lived in an 'ideal' world" where "every father made the median income" and "every father started paying child support at the birth of the child" and "every father only had one child" the maximum support we could extract from fathers would be $48 billion in 1990. "If every father made the median income" is a key phrase. The Poverty Studies Institute at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, discovered in 1993 that 52 percent of fathers who owe child support earn less


BOSNIA'S MEANINGLESS MAPS—ALBERT WOHLSTETTER
THE NEW REPUBLIC
THE STORMY AFTERLIFE OF GEORGE BALANCHINE
BY MINDY ALOFF

than $6,155 per year.

The U.S. Bureau of the Census reported that in 1989, the total amount of child support *owed* was $14.8 billion. How much of this was paid? A little over $11 billion, or 75 percent. So, what about the other $3.7 billion? A U.S. General Accounting Office report stated that 66 percent of all support not paid by non-custodial fathers is due to inability to pay. This data was obtained not by asking the nonpaying fathers, but by asking the nonreceiving mothers. The amount not received due to inability to locate the father? Only 5 percent.

MICHAEL F. STEMPER
Otsego, Minnesota

To the editors:

I hope your readers took note of the number of times Paul Offner used the term "deadbeat dads," and his several references to how much money the states could make from collecting child support. They also should have noted the *absence* of references to "deadbeat moms." That pretty well sums up the issue. Child support is a profit-making enterprise. It empowers mothers at the fathers' expense and more firmly entrenches the welfare mentality. Although 80 percent of non-custodial fathers are ordered to pay support, only 29 percent of non-custodial mothers are so ordered. Only 26 percent of those dads are in default, but 47 percent of the moms are. Mothers are awarded sole custody in 95 percent of all cases, and almost half will receive some form of government handout. Only 20 percent of custodial fathers ask for aid. Welfare costs have skyrocketed, but the number of recipients has remained steady. Child support, as currently practiced, is a dismal failure. Day care is preferable to paternal custody, so that the mother may continue to qualify for welfare benefits. Not a word about what is best for the child, or for society. Just the entitlement of the mother to government (taxpayer) largesse.

PAUL M. CLEMENTS
Greenville, New Hampshire

Vidal signs

To the editors:

There TNR goes again. In the August 1 Notebook, you call yet another person an anti-Semite—this time, Gore Vidal. You condemn Hillary Rodham Clinton for visiting him in his Italian villa during a recent jaunt to Europe. The fact is that Vidal has rarely said anything good about anyone over the years. That is Gore Vidal. He is, however, a very interesting man, no doubt a great visit.

DONALD DAVITT
Prescott, Arizona

Outfoxed

To the editors:

I read Russell Miller's article on Freedomland ("Past Imperfect," August 8) with great interest, especially the discussion of different approaches to making history entertaining. In the interests of accuracy, however, I wish to point out that Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox of the American Revolution, was not "Virginia's own." He was born in and fought in South Carolina, where a national forest and a lake are now named for him. Disney produced a television show about Marion (in the late '50s, I believe) starring Leslie Nielsen. Buddy Ebsen sang the theme song: "Swamp Fox, Swamp Fox, tail on his hat; No one knows where the Swamp Fox's at; Swamp Fox, Swamp Fox, hidin' in the glen; He runs away to fight again."

EDNA W. PAULSON
Hyattsville, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Field mice

> Well, if every kid in America wrote a note or a card . . . and said, "Act like grown-ups, owners and players," I will guarantee, if they write to me at the Labor Department . . . that those letters and those cards will go to the owners and players.
>
> —Secretary of Labor Robert Reich

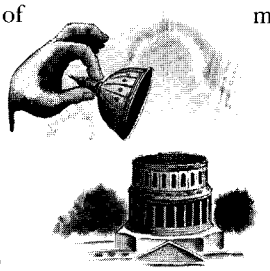
Good idea. And kids, while you're at it, how about dashing off a note to the Tutsis and the Hutus? O.K., O.K., I guess I can understand why politicians would confine their remarks on the baseball strike to feeble pleas for mutual understanding. (President Clinton: "I just hope that in the days ahead they will search for a way to get back together.") After all, the nation is about evenly divided on who is to blame, and we wouldn't want anyone to look as if he were taking sides.

Still, it's tempting. Notwithstanding the studied impartiality of many observers (e.g., *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* editorial writers), this strike isn't really a tough call. Indeed, it's a welcome respite from the moral ambiguity of contemporary liberalism, a chance to see a bunch of white hats lined up against a bunch of black hats. Just as in the good old days, before neoliberal analysis and global competition stripped labor disputes of their simple clarity, management can in this case be safely characterized as self-indulgent, deceitful, blood-sucking vermin. There. Feels good, doesn't it?

The owners' main demand is, "Stop us before we spend again!" They want a "salary cap," stated as a percentage of revenue, that will control their urge to give players huge paychecks. The logic seems to run along the lines of the "Tragedy of the Commons"—the famous academic metaphor in which flocks of (say) sheep graze public land so heavily that the grass starts to die; thus all sheep will perish unless their shepherds make a binding pledge of self-restraint. The salary cap is that pledge.

One oft-noted weakness in this argument is that the grass, in truth, is not dying. The owners originally claimed that nineteen of twenty-eight teams were losing money, then that twelve were. Analysts now figure that the real number is closer to five. As Henry Aaron (the Brookings economist, not the Braves' home run king) observed, whatever the owners say about this question is dubious, since they're in the habit of hiding profits with clever bookkeeping to qualify for government stadium subsidies.

But to really appreciate how little sympathy the owners deserve, you have to go beyond dollars and cents. People don't own baseball teams to make money—though, of course, they're happy to grab any that comes along; they own teams so they can be team owners—emit a special glow at cocktail parties, be seen on T.V. sitting in sky boxes or, conceivably, just because they love the game. Everyone needs a hobby.



Economists call this sort of reward "psychic income." Once you add it into the accounting, various things fall into place—in particular, the bidding wars that produce the giant salaries that the bidders then decry. The ultimate in psychic income, after all, is to win a championship, to be in that late-autumn locker room, champagne dripping down your face, with Bob Costas interviewing you while several great athletes pretend you're one of the guys. Of course, this may bring a large non-psychic paycheck, too. Still, if money were the sole object, owners wouldn't pursue victory so wildly.

Consider the local example, the Baltimore Orioles. Last year they were bought by a lawyer named Peter Angelos and some co-investors. The Orioles' 1993 payroll of $30 million had ranked in the American League's bottom one-third, while the team's attendance of 3.6 million was the seventh-best in the history of baseball. No one trying to maximize dollar income would fiddle much with such a cash cow. But the new owners went on a spending spree, acquiring four big-name players and adding $10 million to the team's payroll. As often happens in such cases, magic failed to ensue. Only one acquisition has entirely panned out, and the Orioles are roughly where they were at the end of last year: playing above .500 but not by enough to make the playoffs. Had the strike not occurred, 1994 profits would have come in at a projected $8 million—down from $25 million the year before.

Whose fault is this? Newly acquired pitcher Sid Fernandez? For accepting a big salary and then having the sort of erratic year that anyone familiar with his career could have guaranteed in writing? Or Chris Sabo, the third baseman whose history of back trouble predictably continued? Peter Angelos is the one who placed these long-shot bets, and he did so because, though the possible financial payoff didn't justify them, the possible psychic payoff did.

Basically, baseball owners are rich people who pay talented people for the privilege of basking in their reflected glory. That almost all owners are making a financial profit *in addition* to this large psychic income is just evidence that baseball's anti-trust exemption is in some ways a welfare program for the already wealthy.

Granted, the players are making out okay, too (though most earn way less than the $1.2 million billed by the owners as "average"). But what's to mourn in that? Many, perhaps most, came from working-class backgrounds, and many are minorities. Baseball isn't as heavily black as basketball or football, but it's more so than the general populace, and it's heavily Hispanic as well.

Minority athletes can plow their riches back into the community in various ways, from buying houses for relatives to buying urban businesses, such as Julius Erving's Coca Cola distributorship. And they sometimes become noted entrepreneurs or philanthropists. Who could forget champion base stealer Lou Brock's "Broccabrella"—the baseball cap/umbrella that he parlayed into a multi-million-dollar novelty-item company? Beloved Met Mookie Wilson and history-maker Curt Flood (he fought the original battle for free agency) started foundations for poor kids.

In this country we sometimes go to great lengths to transfer money to members of minority groups—by, for example, setting aside government contracts for "minority-owned" companies. Now, you could argue over whether it makes sense to thus meddle with markets in an attempt to create a few affluent blacks and Hispanics, especially since many of them were already affluent. But how could anyone defend what the baseball owners want—to take a market that *naturally* creates affluent blacks and Hispanics and meddle with it to *stifle* this tendency? Talk about blood-sucking vermin!

Maybe a baseball strike is indeed too hot for any smart politician to touch. But player unity and owner dissension already suggest that the salary cap is doomed. Robert Reich would be doing a public service by stepping in and, with some candid rhetoric, hastening this day. He could then sit back and wait for the thank-you notes to roll in.

ROBERT WRIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 5, 1994

CASTRO CONVERTIBLE

They hit the eye out of one colleague, broke the skull of another and split another's head. Stones were flying all over the place....
—A member of Fidel Castro's "rapid reaction" brigades, describing a brawl between government enforcers and protesters in Havana on August 5

It used to be that Fidel Castro's minions were the only ones who went around Cuba splitting heads. But now, the Cuban public's frustration over the misery and repression of his rule is beginning to outstrip fear. This emotional watershed, accompanied, and triggered, by a surge in attempts to flee the island, augurs the fall of Castro's 35-year-old dictatorship. Though there's no way of knowing when or how Castro will go, the events in Cuba are eerily analogous to the final days of East Germany. There, too, a stampede for the exits led to demonstrations, which in turn prompted a clumsy, brutal government crackdown. And that only stirred more people to flee. Soon, the exodus catalyzed change, as rulers and ruled realized that unless something happened *everyone* might leave.

Why, then, does the Clinton administration greet these events so coolly? Instead of hailing the courage of Cuban resisters, officials fret about another Mariel boatlift. American policy should be less reactive, less encumbered by assumptions about Castro's staying power and less concerned with Florida's electoral votes. The Clinton administration would do better to spend its time devising a strategy for a post-Castro future—and thinking about what the United States can do to hasten its arrival.

Quite simply, Castro's regime is collapsing because he is trying to square a circle. He wants to perpetuate Communist one-man rule, without Soviet help, amid a democratizing hemisphere. He wants prosperity without entrepreneurship. He wants dollars from tourists, Cuban exiles and Mexican and Spanish investors, but not the fresh ideas contact with outsiders inevitably brings.

American policy should heighten these contradictions as best it can, given our limited influence on events in Cuba. But how? The current U.S. policy—a tight trade embargo plus automatic asylum for rafters—is rightly criticized as little more than a formula for illegal immigration. Would ending the embargo swamp Castro in a floodtide of commerce and ideas, as critics suggest? It might. After all, much of the current unrest is attributable to the recent limited easing of travel, financial transactions and other contacts between Cubans on the island and Cubans in the United States.

Yet there are real dangers to unilaterally calling off the embargo. Castro could trumpet the move as American capitulation, turning it into a boon to his political legitimacy, which he deserves less now than ever. Embargo-lifters also gloss over such questions as whether trade and investment dollars would be channeled through—and thus partly pocketed by—the Castro government.

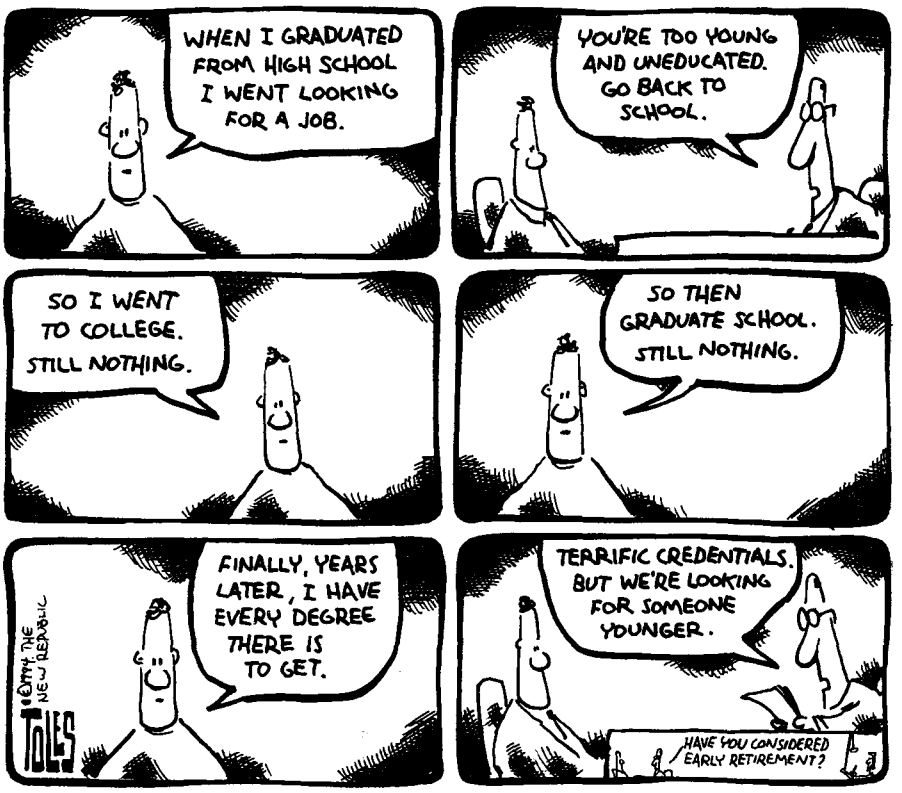
So we say "yes, but" to lifting the embargo. Yes, lift it, but only on two conditions. First: Castro must give every Cuban the right to trade freely with the United States in all goods, services and information. Second: Cuba must hold internationally monitored free elections by 1996. Let the Cuban leader howl "interference in our internal affairs." If Castro rejects this deal, which would provide Cubans no more than the rights all other Latin citizens but those in Haiti already enjoy, it would prove to his people that he cares more about his power than their welfare. He would be left to deal with their wrath. If he accepts, he'll be voted out just like his Nicaraguan Sandinista clients were after they negotiated a similar agreement in 1990.

A credible promise of post-Castro American economic aid would also embolden anti-government forces now. Whether change comes peacefully or violently, sooner or later, the United States must be more active in the rebuilding of a post-Communist Cuba than it was in Eastern Europe. This is partly sheer geography. And the moral obligation to consolidate the defeat of a system that we spent trillions to resist during the cold war is especially strong in Cuba. The island was once intimately linked to our economy and culture. Artificial cold war separation only underscored this once and future interdependence. Helping will cost plenty. But it would be tragic, and ultimately even more expensive, to let a pale imitation of the Soviet Union degenerate into a pale imitation of Haiti. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

STARR'S CHAMBER: The appointment of Kenneth Starr as the Whitewater independent counsel has been attacked as an act of partisanship. In fact, Starr—whose obsequious oral arguments before the Supreme Court during the Bush administration earned him the sobriquet "the Solicitous General"—has distinguished himself more as a Republican opportunist than as a committed ideologue. In an attempt to revive his flagging Supreme Court appellate practice, Starr created a Federalist Society boutique at his law firm, Kirkland & Ellis, surrounding himself with Republican partisans of the most vigorous kind. His associates include several of Antonin Scalia's most conservative former clerks, including Christopher Landau, who masterminded Clarence Thomas's opinions during the justice's first year on the Court. Starr, remarkably, has decided to stay active at Kirkland & Ellis while serving as independent counsel—unlike his predecessor, Robert Fiske, who severed all ties with his New York law firm, Davis Polk, as soon as he was appointed. This only fans the suspicion that Starr and his associates, who constitute a Republican government-in-waiting, have a direct interest in the Clinton administration's downfall.


WHEN I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL I WENT LOOKING FOR A JOB.
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG AND UNEDUCATED. GO BACK TO SCHOOL.
SO I WENT TO COLLEGE. STILL NOTHING.
SO THEN GRADUATE SCHOOL. STILL NOTHING.
FINALLY, YEARS LATER, I HAVE EVERY DEGREE THERE IS TO GET.
TERRIFIC CREDENTIALS. BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE YOUNGER.
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED EARLY RETIREMENT?
©1994 THE NEW REPUBLIC
TOLES

HOW CAN YOU PUBLISH AN ISSUE OF *THE NEW YORKER* AND NOT BRING UP THE SUBJECT OF O.J. SIMPSON, PART III?

From an editorial on the baseball strike by Roger Angell in the August 15 *New Yorker*:

"A resumption of play on, let's say, September 19th would coincide exactly with the opening of the O.J. Simpson trial...."

FROM OUR SHELVES: We're inordinately pleased to announce the publication of *The New Republic Reader: Eighty Years of Opinion and Debate* (Basic Books/A New Republic Book). The collection was winnowed by Dorothy Wickenden, TNR's longtime executive editor, from the bound volumes, many of them dry and crumbling, that line our office walls. Dry wit, as always, readers will find in abundance. But the visions, and revisions, of liberalism that emerge over the decades look anything but decrepit. We're delighted to note, too, the release of David Frum's *Dead Right* (Basic Books/A New Republic Book), a lively tour through the rubble of post-Reagan conservatism.

REALLY AWKWARD: A notebook item in our August 15 issue incorrectly referred to the publisher of Michael Awkward's *Negotiating Difference: Race, Gender and the Politics of Personality.* The paperback is being published this year by the University of Chicago Press.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some information from Ruth Shalit's "The Kids are Alright" (TNR, July 18 & 25) was drawn from an article by Dan Klaidman that appeared in *Legal Times* on April 12. This material—gleaned from a profile of Justice Department counselor Ron Klain—was not attributed. Shalit acknowledges her debt, and *The New Republic* regrets the error.

ABYSSMAL:

Scientists Have an Optimistic Outlook About the Prospects in AIDS Research

—*The Wall Street Journal*, August 12

Meeting Lays Bare the Abyss Between AIDS and Its Cure

—*The New York Times*, same day

HOME NEWS: With this issue, Nader Mousavizadeh joins the staff as assistant literary editor. A former TNR intern, Nader returns after completing a degree in graduate study at Oxford. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOODSTOCK POSTCARD

GONE TO POT

By Stephen Rodrick

A naked man weaves dreamily back and forth. It is 5 a.m. at Woodstock '94, and 350,000 of us are either extras in a Francis Ford Coppola film or vacationing at a hipster detention camp. A mist falls over the minimum-security site, glistening in the headlights of sanitation trucks enforcing the blurry line between walking in mud and walking in human waste. The main stage flickers with strobe lights as electronic bands bleat out their apocalyptic bebop. Despite the hour and the permissive atmosphere, the naked man draws a crowd. I reach the fellow, who looks uncannily like a tall Robert Reich, and ask the inevitable: Why are you unclothed? After a moment, the man focuses his glassy eyes and whispers, Charlie Manson-like: "Because I can't afford the T-shirts!"

Thornton Wilder once said nothing succeeds like excess. If so, then we've just witnessed the most successful event since the marketing of *The Flinstones*. By the time I got to Woodstock we were a half-million two-liter product-tie-in bottles of Lipton Brisk Ice Tea strong—and they all cost $6. "WOODSTOCK '94: WHERE THE PEPSI COSTS MORE THAN THE POT" quickly became the unofficial slogan of the thirsty masses. Not that everyone is paying. Behind the stage, sheltered from the rain and the hoi polloi, hospitality tents are serving up feasts finer than the $11 "peace" of pizza available outside. With its pastel couches and comfy chairs, the Pepsico palace looks as if somebody's trucked in furniture from the Hamptons. More than premium ice cream is available for the Häagen Dazs dudes. "We had steak and shrimp last night; even for me, that was a little crass," said one distributor, rubbing his ample tummy.

"You get going through the frog's mouth and then you come out its ass and swim around with this chick. It was O.K." That's how one teen with an H. R. Haldeman fade cut describes a ride through Peter Gabriel's video motion simulator called Mindblender. It sounds pretty interesting, but the two capsules are suspiciously shaped and decorated like huge cans of Mountain Dew and Ocean Spray cranberry juice. When the pod doors open, you half-expect carbonated liquid to gurgle out. I am in the Surreal Field, an area dedicated to the "interactive generation." Somebody goofed, because it is actually the interadvertising generation they're targeting. Let's see, should I go get a completely removable Apple Computer tattoo? Ride the Butterfinger Bender? Or reminisce at the Pepsi-sponsored Jimi Hendrix museum?

Fortunately, the vulgarity of the privileged attendees and the products they're hawking is not present among the youth of America. Unfortunately, neither is originality or solicitude. As the rain pours down, one hill becomes a muddy amusement tool. A group of kids who don't know Wavy Gravy from Gravy Train plunges headlong into a stagnant pond of mud and name-brand trash. "Now we look like those people from the Woodstock movie!" says one, triumphantly. They slap hands and head back to their tents. Mission accomplished.

"Kill The Press! Kill The Press!" The chanting grows louder as Nine Inch Nails prepares to take the stage. Apparently, photographers are encroaching on the merry band of lunatics in the mosh pit (or the "moosh pit," as the rapidly calcifying Joe Cocker called it). It seems body slamming to Melissa Etheridge doing Janis Joplin tunes has left them in a bad mood. Somehow, America has moved from swaying hippies to forearm-shivering junior terrorists. Nowhere was this clearer than in the stage announcements. No longer were there calls to watch out for the brown acid. Instead: "Todd, meet your friends by the MTV booth—they have your Ritalin."

The more aggressive behavior has its price. During peak business hours—while Aerosmith and Metallica are performing—casualties are coming in at a rate of one every twenty seconds. "It was better in Vietnam," says medical director Dr. Ferdinand Anderson. "You knew what kind of injuries you were getting." All night long, a steady stream of ambulances—their sirens off, lest they disturb the revelers—heads for local hospitals. Many of the injured do not go gently. One straw-haired thrasher, resplendent in mud, beer and a neck brace, expresses himself rather inarticulately: "Let go of me, you fuckin' fuckers. I'm going to fuckin' fuck you up if you don't get me out of this fucker." When he sees me writing, he gives me the finger. Only then does he smile. I tell him to have a nice night.

The rash of injuries surprises members of the press, many of whom remain under a tent fitted with two massive monitors, watching the teeming horde play involuntary Twister in the muck. "We're broadcasting live from Woodstock," says a radio reporter as he holds his microphone up to the speaker. Part of the laziness is bitterness. The press is routinely denied access to the musicians because it is "too crowded" backstage. Yet many a rock critic sees 15-year-olds with Pepsi passes sliding by to meet and greet with Bob Dylan. Apparently to be media is human, to hawk soft drinks is divine.

Alas, even conglomerates get their comeuppance. On Saturday freedom fighters chanting "Liberate the Pepsi, Liberate the Pepsi" overran an undermanned concession stand. By Sunday afternoon, as the pressed khaki, Louis Vuitton-schlepping crowd is heading for home, Pepsi drones load the plush furniture onto a moving van: the tent has been requisitioned as a second field hospital for the battered and frozen. "It was the least we could do," explains one publicist. "Pepsi's done here." Uh-huh.

STEPHEN RODRICK, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is a staff writer at *Boston* magazine.

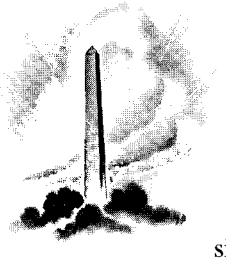
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE HILL

WHERE'S THE PORK?

By Weston Kosova

On the Sunday after the crime bill was tripped up in the House, Minority Whip Newt Gingrich and Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole hit the talk shows to spin the victory. It was no puzzle why the measure had sunk: opposition to its ban on assault weapons. Conservative Republicans teamed up with NRA Democrats, who were deaf to the administration's bleak appeals for party unity. But Gingrich and Dole didn't thicken the airways with paeans to the Second Amendment or demands that the ban be stricken from the bill as ransom for their support. The vote hadn't gone sour because of gun restrictions, they insisted, but for an altogether different reason. "The fact is there's pork in this bill," Gingrich proclaimed on "This Week with David Brinkley." "The president ought to tell the truth to the American people. He is currently fighting to keep a bill which is weak on crime and fat on pork...." A few channels over, on "Meet the Press," Dole was hammering the same line. "There is a lot of pork in this bill that has no relationship to crime," he said.



Pork is the Republicans' comeback strategy on crime. They had to do something. Just a month ago, when the House and Senate conference committee was sanding down the ridges between the two versions of the bill, it appeared as though President Clinton had succeeded in making off with the Republicans' hardiest issue. Now they want it back. Trouble is, there isn't much in the crime bill for the GOP to complain about. It comes with virtually every thumbscrew and billy club they demanded: stricter death penalty provisions (and more of them), three-strikes, lots more cops, etc. During the haggling over what would be included in the final version, Democrats took heed of Republican objections, scrapping, for example, the Racial Justice Act put forth by the Congressional Black Caucus.

Hard-pressed to criticize the center of the bill, the Republican leadership has taken to attacking its fringes—charging that Democrats shamelessly chunked up the legislation with tasty nuggets for the folks back home. "Why did the bill go to conference at $27 billion but come out at $33 billion?" Gingrich has mocked repeatedly. As a glaring illustration of sinister Democratic pork, Republicans offer up the $10 million that House Judiciary Chairman Jack Brooks slipped in for a "crime research center" at Lamar University, his Texas alma mater.

There's no question the research center is a smoking slab of barbecue (and House Democrats are livid at Brooks for muscling it in). But it's also the only one. In fact, the bill is remarkably free of the usual tangle of perks members scribble in for their districts. Instead, pork, in the new parlance, is any portion of the bill the Republicans find disagreeable. As a result, virtually all the provisions that fall under the label "crime prevention" (as opposed to "law enforcement") are swine. "Anything that goes to the cities, anything that helps minorities is now pork," says Democratic Representative Charles Schumer, one of the bill's principle authors.

Take midnight basketball for inner-city teens, the favored Republican example of loopy Democratic spending. "Midnight basketball always gets seized on," says an administration official who has worked on the bill. "They don't like it. O.K., but that doesn't make it pork." Or the Community Youth Services and Supervision Grant Program Act, which would allocate $630 million for after-school programs to keep city kids off the streets. In its August 12 "Issue Alert," the Senate Republican Policy Committee flogged the program as an example of "Pork in the Crime Bill." Clinton is peeved at the smears. It "makes his blood boil," says an administration aide. "What they're doing is using pork and social welfare spending interchangeably."

The House GOP complaints are a little hard to take. Many of the crime prevention programs they now deride as wasteful spending had been written into the original House bill, which sixty-five Republicans voted for just four months ago. And most of those programs have actually been cut back since then. For instance, the gang prevention grants that Republicans ridicule were slashed from $100 million to $5 million. The same goes for money for community school programs, which were cut from $230 million to $150 million. Even the Democrats' cherished hoop games were trimmed back from $10 million to $7 million. All told, $478 million in crime prevention programs has been cut.

At the same time, money for more police officers was increased from $3.5 billion to $8.8 billion. Money to increase the number of local prosecutors, once slated at $100 million, has been doubled. The original bill contained no funding for FBI agents—now there's $250 million. Ditto for drug enforcement agents, who now get $150 million. In all, there is $4.4 billion in new spending for what Republicans consider "real" crime-fighting programs. More than 72 percent of the bill's money goes for prisons, police and federal and state law enforcement.

Despite the numbers, the Gingrich strategy took off. Almost immediately after last Thursday's vote, the focus of attention shifted from Republicans once again cowering before the gun lobby to Democrats larding yet another bill with perks. Clinton wasn't helped by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Who is a Supervisor?

One day in January 1989, three licensed practical nurses (LPNs) who worked at the Heartland Nursing Home in Urbana, Ohio, drove to their employer's corporate headquarters in Toledo. They wanted to talk about some problems at the home—understaffing, poor employee morale, low pay for nurses' aides and an increase in paperwork. After their conversation with top management, additional staff was hired at Heartland and pay for nurses' aides was increased. What about the nurses who had brought these conditions to the attention of management? Did they get a plaque thanking them for their suggestions? As a matter of fact, they were fired.

Ordinarily, this might be the end of the story, but the nurses complained to the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB), and eventually the case found its way to the U.S. Supreme Court. This spring, in *NLRB* vs. *Health Care & Retirement Corporation of America*, the Court handed down a decision that could have negative consequences for health-care workers, in particular, and professional employees, in general—and for our hopes of creating a more flexible workplace.

The Supreme Court decision invites a hard-and-fast distinction between those who give orders and those who follow them.

NLRB upheld the nurses in their original complaint, saying that an employee's right to voice concerns about working conditions is protected by law. But when the employer appealed the decision, he argued that the nurses were supervisors and therefore ineligible for protection under labor law. In April, the Supreme Court sided with the employer.

It's true that nurses regularly direct other staff who assist them in caring for patients. In order to make sure that everything gets done when it should, a nurse might ask one aide to take a patient's temperature and another to give a patient his bath. Does this make the nurse a supervisor? That's not how the law has been interpreted in the past.

In these situations, nurses are certainly acting "in the interests of the employer," which is one definition of being a supervisor. But nurses have always believed that, as professionals, they are acting primarily in the interests of the patient. And if they do not hire, fire, promote, lay off, transfer, reward or penalize other employees—as supervisors are charged with doing—it has been generally accepted that they may direct other employees without giving up their labor law protections.

The Supreme Court indicated that its decision was not definitive, and it was careful to distinguish between LPNs and registered nurses, noting that this case involved "the duties of...non-professional nurses." But employers will attempt to extend the rationale of the decision unless NLRB is able to develop criteria that insulate nurses from the effect of the decision. In the meantime, the decision may force LPNs and registered nurses into making an artificial and unfair choice between joining a union and being professionals.

As professionals, nurses expect to take responsibility for patient care, which includes informing management if care is substandard. But if they are considered supervisors simply because they can direct an aide to bring in a bedpan—and if this means they lose their protection against being fired for making suggestions—there will be a strong incentive to hold their tongues, no matter what they see. The effect on nurses' morale—and on patient care—could be disastrous.

The decision could also discourage a movement towards more flexible staffing arrangements in which nurses will have greater responsibility for delivering health care and directing those who assist them. This kind of flexibility is likely to improve the quality of care patients receive and cut health-care costs; both are very desirable. But the Supreme Court decision invites a hard-and-fast distinction between people who give orders and those who follow them. And by threatening an important protection they now have as professional employees, it creates disincentives for nurses to become fuller participants in patient care.

Given the number of professionals who work for companies instead of being self-employed, the decision could have a ripple effect that would be devastating. Justice Ginsburg pointed this out in her dissent:

> If any person who may use independent judgment to assign tasks to others or direct their work is a supervisor, then few professionals employed by organizations subject to the Act will receive its protections.

We hear a lot these days about how we need to reorganize our workplaces around teams—whether of nurses or school staff or automobile workers. These new-style workplaces, we hear, are more effective, efficient and humane because individual workers take responsibility for overall quality instead of concentrating on a few narrow tasks. But if the lines between supervisors and workers continue to be rigidly drawn and workers are put at risk for caring about quality, we can forget about this new workplace for the forseeable future.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

ADVERTISEMENT
LICENSED TO GNET.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press, which picked up on the Republican angle. The day after the measure was voted down, Clinton flew to Minneapolis and attempted to fight back. "Two hundred and twenty-five members of the Congress participated in a procedural trick orchestrated by the National Rifle Association and intensely promoted by the Republican congressional leadership," he fumed to the audience at a meeting of the National Association of Police Organizations. But instead of tough, Clinton came off as sour and a little paranoid.

Clinton also wasn't very well served by the House leadership. Majority Leader Richard Gephardt scheduled the vote even though he and Speaker Tom Foley weren't sure they had enough support to get over the bar. According to congressional aides, they decided to go ahead rather than give the NRA more time to pick off potential supporters (eventually, fifty-eight Democrats voted against, including eleven Black Caucus members angry over the racial justice deletion). Schumer, for one, saw doom early on. "I never had a good feeling inside that we would win," he says. Brooks made matters worse by waiting until 7 p.m. on the night before the vote to file the final version of the bill, leaving members only a few hours to rummage through its 972 pages.

But Clinton may have proved his own greatest liability. Wayward Democrats knew they had little to lose by voting against the president, but a lot to lose by voting for the gun ban. In fact, if there's one thing congressional Democrats have learned, it's that Clinton rewards disloyalty. During the congressional battles over Clinton's first economic package and NAFTA, Democrats discovered that if they held out, a very conciliatory president eventually would be on the other end of the line. This time was no exception. Since Thursday, the phones on the Hill haven't stopped ringing. •

The fallacy of unrestricted travel.

DOUBLE-CROSSED

By Slavenka Drakulić

I looked into my passport and panicked. My American visa had just expired. Funny enough, I didn't panic because I was about to visit the United States soon. It is a tick I have as a citizen of a former Communist country. I simply know that when I have a one-year multiple-entry visa, it is much easier for me to enter any other Western European country.

In 1989, with the fall of communism, those of us who lived in the former East Bloc believed that we would suddenly become a part of Europe. Finally, we would join the French, the Germans, the Swiss. But we were naive in nourishing that illusion. Today, the proof of our status is unmistakably clear; it awaits us at every Western border crossing in the stern faces of police officers looking down on us, even if they don't say a word.

This look has not changed. I know it by heart. I remember it from growing up in ex-Yugoslavia, when these officials would stare at us suspiciously, with a screening x-ray gaze that said: we know you're here to work illegally or—God forbid!—to ask for asylum. Any citizen from a Communist country was a suspect, so he had to be interrogated. He had to show he had money. (Only a little while before, to get out of his own country, he had to say he didn't have any.) And he had to tell the guard how long he was going to stay, where and why. In the late '60s the best thing was to say that you were visiting a relative who could support you; the authorities did not believe that anyone from the Communist world really had the resources to take care of himself abroad.

Despite a loosening of restrictions in the '70s and '80s, the feeling of being guilty in advance never went away. Whenever I approached a customs booth, I would immediately feel nervous. The official would look at me, while browsing through my passport, as if he could hardly believe that I was not a common criminal trying to escape my country. Sometimes I took advantage of the fact that I am a woman and would give him a nice smile. Who could tell if it helped? Once, arriving at an airport in Paris from New York, I smiled at an officer and was immediately selected for a luggage search. Of course, I was not innocent. I had a laptop computer with me and had to persuade him that I was taking it to a third country. (One learns foreign customs rules by heart, too.) But because I had an overnight layover, the officer had the right to make me pay duty. Eventually he let me go, but it's likely that the incident only reinforced his impression that we Eastern Europeans were unreliable even when we smiled, or perhaps because so.

I also know people who wore fancy clothes and tried to look smart, only to be searched even more thoroughly. On the other hand, I experienced plenty of harassment while I was dressed casually. (Yes, I stood naked in one of those little cabins you see at every border crossing.) When traveling abroad and crossing borders in those days, we Eastern Europeans had to take into account so much more than Western travelers did. This, I think, marked a real difference between us.

In ex-Yugoslavia, my generation was the first to travel freely abroad, but we were already so hypocritical, and believed so little in Marxist ideology, that venturing abroad didn't influence us much. No, what we really learned by going abroad was this: that we were not welcome in Western Europe. This is something our more restricted Communist neighbors couldn't know. To cope with this sense of inferiority, we went East. That citizens of the other Communist countries could not travel somehow balanced our feeling of deficiency—it was enough to go to Prague or Budapest for a short visit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to feel superior. We became accustomed to comparing ourselves with people much worse off than ourselves, not those who were doing better than we were. Apparently this was a big mistake. A reflexive tendency to look eastward, to dwell on ancient rivalries, has made ex-Yugoslavia the most troubled place in today's Europe.

My husband is Swedish. It does not seem important that he is a Westerner, except when we travel together. Recently, we went to Norway. My preparations for the trip did not run parallel to his. All he needed to do was book a ticket and pack his suitcase at the last moment. I had to start much earlier. I called the embassy to find out if I needed a visa. In this case, I did not, but if I had needed one I would have had to figure out how long it would take to obtain it (getting a Canadian visa, for example, consumes two days, because I have to travel from Zagreb to Vienna to get it), what the stamp would cost and the documents I would need to get it—a letter from an employer, a photocopy of my bank account, written proof that I own real estate in my country, and will thus return.

Some countries, such as Great Britain, require a letter of invitation. When I first went to Italy almost forty years ago, my aunt, explaining the "guarantee letter" she had to write for my mother and me, said: "Someone has to guarantee for you because, being from Eastern Europe, you are still no more than a child." Not much has changed. In January I witnessed a humiliating scene at Heathrow Airport in London. Two elderly Croatians, husband and wife, were being interrogated because they were going to Barbados on vacation. Tourists from Croatia? Going to Barbados? A stopover in London? Who had ever heard of it? The couple went into lengthy explanations, presenting their round-trip tickets, their hotel reservations, their visas and their money, too, all perfectly in order. In their voices I heard the same anxiety and frustration I often feel. How long will it take, I thought, before someone from our part of the world will be treated with courtesy, as a tourist and not as a potential immigrant?

My long preparations for a trip abroad are not the only difference between my husband and me. When we approach the immigration station at an airport, he can just flash his passport and the official will wave his hand and let him pass without even bothering to look at it. In Western Europe, he can choose the entrance for "Domestic and E.C." travelers, and not the one marked "Others," which I must take. The divide between Easterners and Westerners begins right there, in front of a glass window with a small opening. The officer first takes my passport and inspects it carefully, as if he is not sure whether or not it is real. Then he checks if my name is on the list of dangerous criminals or unwanted people. His first question is: "How long do you intend to stay?" I show him my ticket. He then asks: "How much money do you have?" This drives my blood straight into my head, as if the fact that being Western European automatically qualifies one to be well-off! But I am prepared for this situation, too, so I suppress my rage and show him the travelers checks I carry with me specifically for this purpose. If he asks where I am staying, I show him a letter of invitation, indicating that, after all, I was *invited* to his bloody country. This letter might—just might—gain me some respect, but even so I know I am mistrusted because he thinks the letter might be a fake.

Perhaps this is what Purgatory looks like, I say to myself as I leave the queue. Of course, there's also hell: the line for Gypsies, Albanians, Bosnians and assorted others who are deemed unworthy of even my line. All this makes me worry about my marriage, too. If this kind of segregation goes on for too long, I will have a hard time convincing my husband that I married him for love, and not just to have him standing behind me at some passport control at a Western European border, in order to say the magic words: she is my wife.

Eastern Europeans are going to be second-class citizens for still some time, regardless of the fall of communism or the latest political proclamations. Between *us* and *them*, there is an invisible glass wall. Europe is a divided continent and only those who could not travel during the cold war believed that we Easterners and the Westerners could become equal. The simple truth, one I can still read in the eyes of every customs officer, is that we are not.

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ is author of the novel *Marble Skin* (W. W. Norton).

The party's Pyrrhic victory.

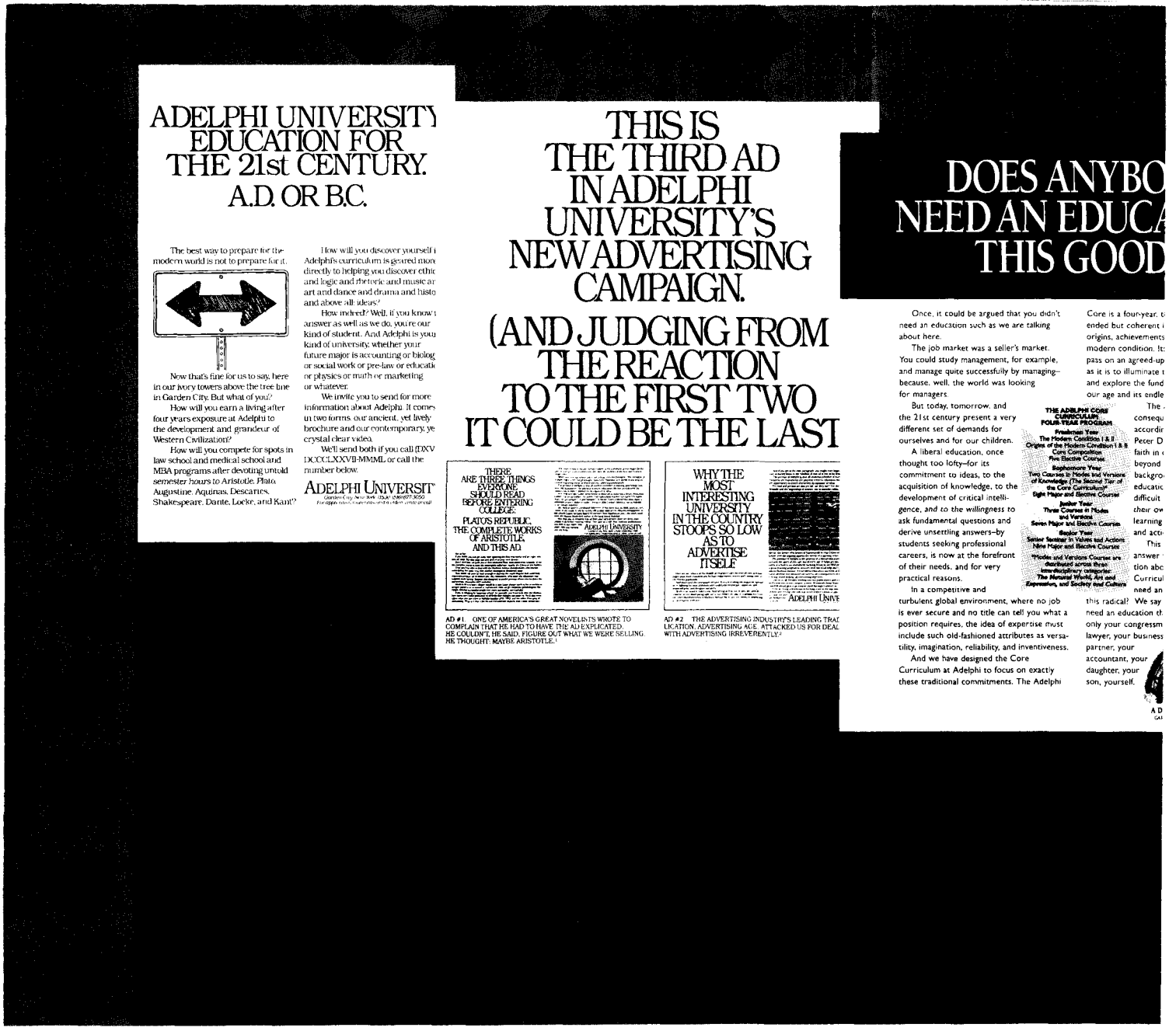
PRI-EMPTED

By Andres Oppenheimer

At an August 4 campaign rally for Mexico's upcoming presidential elections, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon, the candidate of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), made several announcements that left the PRI's apparatchiks in a state of supreme shock. He said that if elected president he would end the government's historic support for his party. He promised to punish PRI officials who tampered with the vote. He committed himself to holding primaries to select the PRI's future presidential candidates, a task that until now has belonged solely to the outgoing president, and he vowed to renounce the traditional honorary title of "maximum leader" of the party and become a "passive member" instead. "I firmly believe that democracy calls for a healthy distance between my party and the government," he concluded.

continued on page 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


ADELPHI UNIVERSITY
EDUCATION FOR
THE 21st CENTURY.
A.D. OR B.C.
The best way to prepare for the modern world is not to prepare for it.
Now that's fine for us to say, here in our ivory towers above the tree line in Garden City. But what of you?
How will you earn a living after four years exposure at Adelphi to the development and grandeur of Western Civilization?
How will you compete for spots in law school and medical school and MBA programs after devoting untold semester hours to Aristotle, Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Descartes, Shakespeare, Dante, Locke, and Kant?
How will you discover yourself i
Adelphi's curriculum is geared mor
directly to helping you discover ethic
and logic and rhetoric and music ar
art and dance and drama and histo
and above all: ideas.
How indeed? Well, if you know t
answer as well as we do, you're our
kind of student. And Adelphi is you
kind of university, whether your
future major is accounting or biolog
or social work or pre-law or educati
or physics or math or marketing
or whatever.
We invite you to send for more
information about Adelphi. It comes
in two forms: our ancient, yet lively
brochure and our contemporary, ye
crystal clear video.
We'll send both if you call (DXV
DCCCLXXVII-MMML or call the
number below.
ADELPHI UNIVERSIT
THIS IS
THE THIRD AD
IN ADELPHI
UNIVERSITY'S
NEW ADVERTISING
CAMPAIGN.
(AND JUDGING FROM
THE REACTION
TO THE FIRST TWO
IT COULD BE THE LAST
THERE ARE THREE THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD READ BEFORE ENTERING COLLEGE:
PLATO'S REPUBLIC,
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE,
AND THIS AD.
ADELPHI UNIVERSITY
AD #1 ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT NOVELISTS WROTE TO COMPLAIN THAT HE HAD TO HAVE THE AD EXPLICATED. HE COULDN'T, HE SAID, FIGURE OUT WHAT WE WERE SELLING. HE THOUGHT: MAYBE ARISTOTLE.
WHY THE MOST INTERESTING UNIVERSITY IN THE COUNTRY STOOPS SO LOW AS TO ADVERTISE ITSELF
ADELPHI UNIVE
AD #2 THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY'S LEADING TRAI
LICATION, ADVERTISING AGE, ATTACKED US FOR DEAL
WITH ADVERTISING IRREVERENTLY.
DOES ANYBO
NEED AN EDUCA
THIS GOOD
Once, it could be argued that you didn't need an education such as we are talking about here.
The job market was a seller's market. You could study management, for example, and manage quite successfully by managing– because, well, the world was looking for managers.
But today, tomorrow, and the 21st century present a very different set of demands for ourselves and for our children.
A liberal education, once thought too lofty–for its commitment to ideas, to the acquisition of knowledge, to the development of critical intelligence, and to the willingness to ask fundamental questions and derive unsettling answers–by students seeking professional careers, is now at the forefront of their needs, and for very practical reasons.
In a competitive and turbulent global environment, where no job is ever secure and no title can tell you what a position requires, the idea of expertise must include such old-fashioned attributes as versatility, imagination, reliability, and inventiveness.
And we have designed the Core Curriculum at Adelphi to focus on exactly these traditional commitments. The Adelphi
THE ADELPHI CORE CURRICULUM: FOUR-YEAR PROGRAM
Freshman Year
The Modern Condition I & II
Origins of the Modern Condition I & II
Core Composition
Five Elective Courses
Sophomore Year
Two Courses in Modes and Versions of Knowledge (The Second Tier of the Core Curriculum)*
Eight Major and Elective Courses
Junior Year
Three Courses in Modes and Versions
Seven Major and Elective Courses
Senior Year
Senior Seminar in Values and Actions
Nine Major and Elective Courses
*Modes and Versions Courses are distributed across three interdisciplinary categories: The Natural World, Art and Expression, and Society and Culture
Core is a four-year, ended but coherent origins, achievements modern condition. It pass on an agreed-up as it is to illuminate and explore the fund our age and its endle
The consequ accordir Peter D faith in beyond backgro educatic difficult their ow learning and acti This answer tion abc Curricul need an this radical? We say need an education th only your congressm lawyer, your business partner, your accountant, your daughter, your son, yourself.
A D

WHAT HAS ALL THIS

Five years ago, Adelphi began an advertising campaign that sought to raise basic questions about higher education in today's world.

Sometimes we used irony to do that, and sometimes we managed to irritate even our best friends, because we did not believe a serious subject need always be approached solemnly.

Yet, at their center, those advertisements reflected a very serious commitment on Adelphi's part to address difficult questions and to hazard imaginative answers – with our Core Curriculum, with our Society of Mentors, and with an educational philosophy that brings the traditions and powers of intellect to bear on the disquieting world facing today's students.

We at Adelphi believe we have the seriousness and boldness required to accomplish what many educators and commentators claim is an impossible task – truly educating today's students, teaching them not only what they must know, but what matters; teaching them the habit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARVARD. THE ADELPHI OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Believe it or not, Harvard actually lives up to this reputation.

Its academic mission is every bit as lofty as Adelphi's: to develop the whole man and the whole woman; to expose students to liberal learning, the 2500-year tradition of Western Civilization; to prepare you for life, not just to occupy your mind for the years between high school and post-pubescence.

Its location in Cambridge, just across the river from Boston, may not promise the Museum of Modern Art, Lincoln Center, Broadway, or the United Nations. But it holds its own against Adelphi's campus, which is less than an hour from New York City.

And don't overlook Harvard's extracurriculars: its century-old clubs and organizations are the stuff of legend, along the lines of the Adelphi athletic department. No less than three Adelphi Panther teams currently hold rankings in the national top ten.

For more information about Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts, call (617) 495-1551.

For a brochure and video about Adelphi, the Adelphi of New York, call (516) 663-1100. You'll also receive a free "Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts" t-shirt. But hurry. As they say in advertising, supplies are limited.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

Garden City, New York 11530. (516) 663-1100. For application materials and a video, write or call.

THERE ARE THREE THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD READ BEFORE ENTERING COLLEGE:

PLATO'S REPUBLIC, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE, AND THIS AD.

Not so fast.

If you think you can get away with ignoring the first two works and get right into this ad, stop. Rip this page out and stick it in your sock drawer.

Don't read this ad until you've first savored Plato. And discovered Aristotle, if not the complete works at least the incomplete collection, maybe the *Ethics* or the *Politics*.

Then you'll be able to deal with the Madison Avenue manipulators who market universities the same way they market sausages or deodorant soap.

Your mind will then be keen enough to dismiss the vapid slogans that university marketers conjure up to attract you, the consumers, who enter the education marketplace each spring. Slogans also designed to soothe parents whose checks enter the universities' treasuries each autumn.

(Used to be a school's slogan would be a nice Latin phrase such as *lux et veritas* or *semper parathus* or *ut omnes te cognoscant*. Now we get corporate gobbledy-gook like: People making successful people ever more successful, successfully).

If you're heading for business school, for example, you'll not only note the obvious: how many successful graduates in all fields that Adelphi can point to. You'll also investigate what *you can learn at Adelphi besides LIFO, FIFO*, and the other Principles of Accounting. What is it that a liberal arts environment imparts that a trade school can't?

The same is true of the psychology student or the communications major. Or the pre-law and pre-med students who are, after all, students of the Arts and Sciences, respectively.

When you visit our school, ask to see a dean, even the President. (The President of Adelphi still teaches his philosophy class every Thursday at 5:10 PM. If you drop in with an inquiring mind, he'll welcome you, albeit argumentatively).

The premise of Adelphi is that all students (whether of nursing, psychology, business, the humanities, the physical sciences, education, the fine arts) deserve the opportunity to enrich themselves by exposure to ideas.

Now: will your day-to-day involvement in those ideas make you a better investment banker? Or social worker? Or lawyer? Or high school teacher? Or nurse? Or statesman? Or accountant? Or psychologist? Or doctor? Does a liberal education make a difference in one's ability to make a living in 20th Century America, not to mention 21st Century America?

Yes. And we believe a profound difference. It has done that for 2,500 years in every corner of the world. It will be no less efficacious today in the Western Hemisphere, in the United States, on Long Island 45 minutes from Manhattan and a five-block stroll from the Nassau Blvd. station of the Long Island Railroad.

Now that you've removed this ad from your sock drawer, there are three more things to do before entering college. One, give us a call. Two, read our publications and look at our video. And three, visit our campus and say hello.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

Garden City, NY 11530. (516)663-1100. For application materials and a video, write or call.

BEEN LEADING TO?

of reflection, the ability to discriminate, the love of learning and beauty; and teaching them, too, the practical knowledge indispensable for professional life.

And so, we have founded a new school, a college that takes the promises and commitments of those early advertisements and the successful programs that lay behind them to a new stage. Soon we will begin placing a series of advertisements that celebrate and explain this innovative venture.

This new college is called the Honors College at Adelphi. For more information, call 1-800-ADELPHI. And watch this space for our new advertising campaign.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 11530 1-800-ADELPHI

A Commitment to Intellect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was an amazing statement for Zedillo, who never would have been a candidate had not outgoing President Carlos Salinas de Gortari chosen him unilaterally and over the objections of much of the PRI leadership. It was amazing, too, because Zedillo's candidacy depends on the patronage system that has kept the PRI in power for the past sixty-five years. Indeed, Zedillo is by most measures a product of the culture of electoral fraud that he is now vowing to eradicate.

But these are unusual times in Mexico, and Zedillo—a sober 42-year-old economist who served in two Cabinet jobs but never held elective office—seems aware that the days of quasi-royal rule by the government party may be over. In the closing days of the campaign, there is a virtual consensus in Mexico that the PRI has run its course and that it is bound to lose the election on August 21—even if it wins, as it is likely to do. Mexico's social pressures are such that the party will have to make unprecedented concessions if it wants to rule in peace for another six years.

There are fears that anything short of power-sharing will trigger what Mexicans call *el gran desmadre*—"the big pandemonium." The cataclysmic scenario goes something like this: post-election charges of voter fraud are followed by anti-government protests, a resurgence of guerrilla activity, economic paralysis and political chaos. This is not fantasy. Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, the candidate of the center-left Party of the Democratic Revolution, recently vowed to launch a wave of "civic resistance" in the event of a fraudulent election—and from his words it seemed that he would cry foul at anything short of his own victory.

There is also the threat of new guerrilla violence. In a recent interview in the Lacandona jungle of Chiapas, Subcommander Marcos, leader of the Zapatista rebels, told me that "several new armed groups have sprung up in recent months in the four corners of the country"; some of them have "submitted themselves to the military authority of the Zapatista army." The ski-masked guerrilla leader could be bluffing, but Mexican intelligence officials concede privately that there may be a handful of leftist peasant self-defense groups in the states of Guerrero, Oaxaca, Michoacan and Veracruz. If they are unhappy with the election results, it is not inconceivable that they could turn violent.

Though most political analysts are skeptical about such doomsday scenarios, they do agree that the PRI is doomed—at least in its present form—as a result of the extraordinary events that have shaken Mexico this year. The January uprising of the Indian-backed Zapatista army; the transformation of Marcos into a media star and demigod for Mexico's leftist intelligentsia; the March assassination of Luis Donaldo Colosio, then the PRI's presidential candidate; the kidnapping and eventual release of billionaire banker Alfredo Harp Helu; the killing a few days later of Tijuana's police chief—all these have left most Mexicans thinking that the party that brought them stability for so long may now be the source of trouble.

The PRI has little choice but to modernize, even at the risk of chipping away much of its power. It has been losing popular support for decades, and its popularity is at an all-time low. According to government figures, the party won with 86 percent of the vote in the 1964 elections, 80 percent in 1976, 69 percent in 1982 and 50.3 percent in 1988. This year, the most optimistic pre-election polls predict it will win with only 46 percent. (Whether this victory will be untarnished is another matter. Reflecting some skepticism about the chances of a fair election despite widely applauded electoral reforms, the independent newspaper *El Financiero* ran the following headline after Mexico's first-ever televised debate on May 12: "DIEGO [Fernandez de Cevallos of the center-right National Action Party] WON THE DEBATE; CARDENAS WILL WIN THE VOTE; ZEDILLO WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT.")

The PRI's biggest problem, however, is that Mexico has outgrown it. In 1929, when the PRI was born, the country was largely rural: 70 percent of its workers were employed in agriculture; 62 percent of its population was illiterate. Today, the statistics have been turned upside down: more than 70 percent of Mexicans live in cities; about 90 percent are literate. An authoritarian ruling party could maintain power in a society of illiterate peasants. Demographics make life much more difficult for the PRI today.

Special-interest groups—from grass-roots neighborhood improvement committees to gay rights and environmental organizations—have sprung up around the country. These groups have steadily fought for a greater democratization of Mexico's society—and they are succeeding. It is no coincidence that the PRI is strongest in the most backward corners of the country, while it is the weakest in big cities, in much of the country's industrialized north and among the upper-middle-class and college-educated sectors of society nationwide. An increasingly independent written press is echoing public skepticism about government claims, and is pressing harder for explanations of murky incidents, such as Colosio's murder. Television is opening up somewhat, too. Under pressure, the pro-government networks aired for the first time the closing campaign speeches of non-PRI candidates.

Paradoxically, President Salinas's free-market reforms have made life even worse for the PRI, badly weakening a major pillar of support: labor unions. In a state-controlled economy, the PRI could easily convince—or coerce—labor leaders of government-run enterprises to support the party. It had lots of bargaining chips in the form of wage increases or benefits. With more than 250 giant state companies turned over to private hands over the past five years, however, growing numbers of Mexican workers have to press their demands to private employers. Consequently, the party has become irrelevant to a sizable part of the work force. In the 1988 elections the aged PRI-affiliated leader of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, Fidel Velazquez, committed himself to delivering 12 million votes. This year the party will think the 94-year-old has done a great job if he delivers half that number.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Likewise, Mexico's shift toward a free economy and its partnership with the United States in the North American Free Trade Agreement have left the party without an ideological platform. Until recently, the PRI prided itself on the nationalization of the oil industry, big government programs and a staunchly anti-American foreign policy. Today, the party's candidates must perform linguistic pirouettes to explain what the party stands for. Amid growing frustration over the current economic recession, they are finding it hard to preach free-market reform and austerity measures for the working class. "The PRI is no longer the party that says what the people want to hear," a former senior PRI official told me. "Rather, it has become the party that has to justify what the government has done."

If PRI wins, how would sharing power start it on the road to ruin? If it forms a coalition government—presumably with the center-right National Action Party—in an effort to maintain social peace, it will begin to lose its ability to hand out jobs and government favors. Will teachers whose jobs depend on the PRI party bosses remain loyal to the party once there is an opposition Cabinet member in charge of the education ministry? Will thousands of health ministry workers turn out for PRI rallies if there is an opposition health minister?

Probably not. Power-sharing would most likely accelerate the party's erosion. That's why there was a whiff of doom among PRI officials during the lead-up to the election. Even while they were assuring voters that Zedillo would win, they knew that, as Zedillo himself had hinted, the only way the party could maintain its hold on the presidency without creating a national *gran desmadre* was by starting a drastic process of self-mutilation.

ANDRES OPPENHEIMER, a Latin American correspondent for *The Miami Herald*, is the author of *Castro's Final Hour* (Touchstone).

Governor Weld's welfare dodge.

CRITICAL MASS

By Paul Offner

Washington politicians aren't the only ones pushing welfare reform this year. Governors are working hard at it, too, and they're miffed that decisions at the federal level could disrupt their efforts. Consider Republican William Weld of Massachusetts. Instead of mandating what can and can't be done, Weld says, federal officials should "just get out the way" and let the states experiment. Maybe, but if Weld's own welfare proposal is any indication, a little federal oversight may not be such a bad idea.

Under the Weld plan, welfare recipients must go to work within sixty days of coming onto the rolls; those who don't find private-sector employment must accept public jobs provided by the state government. If that sounds like Bill Clinton's plan, it is—except the president's work requirement kicks in after two years. And Weld doesn't share Clinton's enthusiasm for education and job training. "The best preparation for work," he says, "is not thinking about work, talking about work or studying for work: it is work." Welfare recipients could go to school or enroll in training *while* they're working, but they could not do so as an excuse to put off work.

Another difference between the Clinton and Weld plans is the number of public jobs required. Given a U.S. welfare caseload of 5 million, the president wants to provide up to 1 million such jobs. For Massachusetts's 110,000 welfare recipients, Weld says he'll need to create only 5,500 jobs through TEMP, the state's workfare program (recipients work in return for their welfare checks). He assumes 50,000 welfare mothers will either find private jobs on their own or drop off the dole when told they must work in return for their checks. So the state's caseload would drop by 50 percent—within eighteen months, Weld claims—saving taxpayers $360 million.

Predictably, Massachusetts liberals are unhappy that Weld's plan fails to invest in job skills. Yet there is little evidence—at least to date—that education and training help people get off welfare. In addition, citing the plan's effect on "innocent children," four Democratic members of the state's congressional delegation have asked Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala to withhold approval of the federal waivers that the governor would need to carry out experimental reforms. By today's standards, though, Weld's proposal is hardly extreme. All over the country, conservatives are concocting much harsher measures. Governor Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin wants to end benefits entirely after two years, and congressional Republicans would allow states to end them after three years. Weld, by contrast, wouldn't cut recipients off at all. Poor women who can't find private jobs can get government jobs and continue to draw benefits. If no such jobs are available, they can continue to draw benefits without having to work.

So what's the problem with Weld's efforts? For one thing, he fudges his plan's specifics. On April 29, at a welfare reform conference in Washington, D.C., Weld boasted that he would end cash grants for able-bodied welfare recipients. On July 17, on "This Week with David Brinkley," he went even further, saying his plan would save money "by abolishing the cash grant" altogether. This is not true. Cash grants would continue for the 5,500 recipients enrolled in TEMP, as well as the 55,000 who would be exempt from the work requirement because of disability, pregnancy, etc. Weld has also had to acknowledge that he has no hard data to back up his assertion that his plan would cut the state's welfare rolls in half. "It was not statistical research," he said on April 29. "It was a survey of our caseload and what's out there in the economy...." So his staff identified some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

job openings and then assumed welfare recipients would fill them. For a man who clearly has presidential aspirations, such slipshod analysis is troubling.

A bigger problem with Weld's plan, however, is his unreasonably high expectations. Since half of Massachusetts's welfare families will be exempt from the work requirement, almost 100 percent of *employable* welfare mothers would have to leave the rolls to meet his goal—no small feat. In fact, no welfare reform project of the past thirty years has achieved anything close to what he promises. Even Riverside, California, whose welfare program is said to be the most successful on record, has seen caseloads drop by only 6 percent. Based on the Riverside model, Massachusetts will require at least 35,000 public jobs, not 5,500, at a cost of more than $100 million per year.

Weld insists that if immigrants can find jobs, so can welfare recipients. Indeed, nationally, 50 percent of new welfare recipients leave the rolls within a year, 70 percent within two years—often by finding employment. Yet the issue is keeping a job, not getting one: more than half of them return to the rolls within five years. A two-year study of thirty-four young welfare mothers by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation found that more than two-thirds found jobs, but many promptly lost them. Some got fired for insubordination or for missing work because of problems with their children. Most went back on welfare.

This is why Weld is wrong to minimize the need for public jobs. If welfare mothers have a hard time keeping private-sector jobs, we shouldn't let them sit at home drawing their welfare checks. Rather, we should put them in a public job, where they are expected to show up on time and work for a set number of hours. If they don't, they're sanctioned, but their circumstances are taken into account—if their child gets sick, they're excused, and they probably won't get fired for fighting with superiors or co-workers.

Of course, creating public jobs is expensive, so why not forget about them and concentrate on getting recipients into private jobs instead? Because the two go together. Suppose the only job available to a welfare mother is at McDonald's. If she's forced to take it, she can always find a way to get fired—maybe she drops a few trays of food or gets into a fight with a customer. No one will ever be able to prove it was her fault, and she'll end up back on welfare. But suppose that, in addition to McDonald's, there is also a public job—say, an opening on the clean-up crew at the local high school. Next to this, the McDonald's job looks pretty good, because it comes with an earned income tax credit (a supplement for low-wage workers administered through the IRS). Also, avoiding work is no longer an option. But that's only if the public job is available—and very few would be under Weld's plan.

The battle between Weld and Massachusetts officials over welfare isn't over. In June both houses of the Democratic-controlled legislature voted down his reform package and passed a less draconian alternative that also promotes work and self-sufficiency. But since it *increases* spending by $22 million in the first year, and by larger amounts in subsequent years, Weld vetoed it. On August 2 the state Senate failed by a single vote to override the veto.

That means Weld's plan is still alive—and it should be, for it deserves serious consideration. Yet the governor needs a reality check. All congressional sponsors of welfare reform, Republicans and Democrats, recognize that any credible plan will require increased financing. By denying this fact, and by dodging other issues, Weld seems to be saying reform is inexpensive and easy. He knows—or should know—that it is neither.

PAUL OFFNER is a legislative aide to Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York. The views expressed here are his own.

THE PRESS

BROCK CROCK

By Charles Lane

In March 1993 Peter Brock drafted a plan to save the Serbs—from the media. The P.R. strategy was published seven months later in *Unity Herald*, the quarterly journal of the Serbian Unity Congress (SUC). Referring to America's leading Serbian-American lobby group as "we" and "us," Brock urged the organization to create "an informed, operational, fully funded, fully professional" "media institute" in Belgrade. This would counter a "fanatical" anti-Serb media and "reconstruct" Serbia's image.

Yes, this is the same Peter Brock who presented himself as an arbiter of media bias in the pages of *Foreign Policy* not long ago. He attacked the press for "negligence" and "pack journalism" designed to demonize the Serbs and trigger Western military intervention against them. Journalists who had covered Bosnia (including me) cried foul (see "War Stories," Washington Diarist, TNR, January 3). But thanks to *Foreign Policy*'s imprimatur, Brock's charges were absorbed into the Bosnia literature. The *Arizona Republic* reprinted the article. Its appearance in Zurich's *Die Weltwoche* touched off a controversy in Central Europe. It has been published again this summer in a book by a Berlin press. Alexander Cockburn cited Brock as an authority on anti-Serb media bias in a recent *Nation* column.

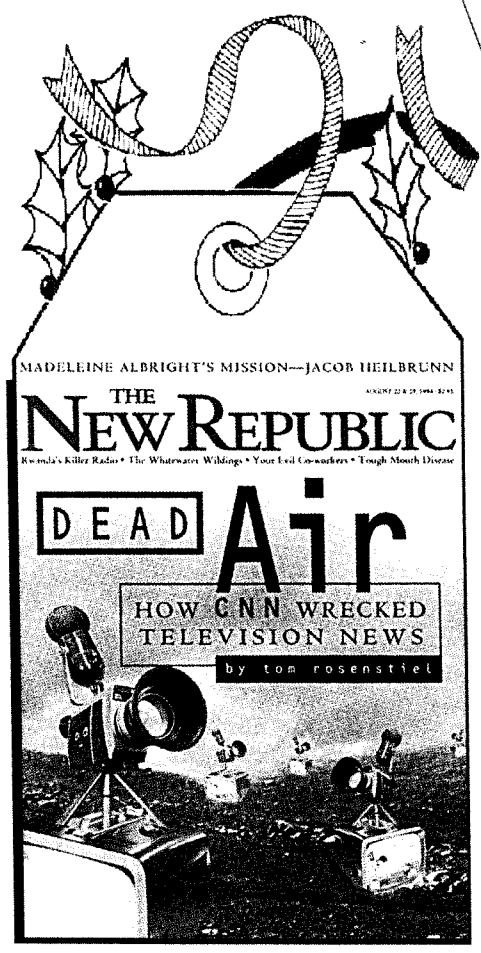
Neither critics nor supporters knew that the man identified as an editor of an El Paso, Texas, newspaper had been a P.R. adviser to a group that boasts of its close contacts with Bosnian Serb leaders and of its "research and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Perfect Gift...

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Give the nation's hottest journal of politics, ideas, and culture and take advantage of our special Holiday Savings


MADELEINE ALBRIGHT'S MISSION—JACOB HEILBRUNN
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Rwanda's Killer Radio • The Whitewater Wildings • Your Evil Co-workers • Tough Mouth Disease
DEAD Air
HOW CNN WRECKED TELEVISION NEWS
by tom rosenstiel

Act Now to save 36% off the regular subscription rate for each gift–$69.97 for the first gift (or your own renewal)–just $44.95 for each additional gift!

Offer expires **Dec. 31, 1994**

CALL 1-800-827-1289 FOR FASTEST SERVICE

❑ Include my own subscription at special holiday rates: ❑ New ❑ Renewal
❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Bill me later ❑ American Express
❑ Please charge my: ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard
Account # _____ Exp. _____
Signature _____

Gift cards will be sent in your name. NEW gifts begin with the first January issue. Renewed subscriptions take effect after current subscription expires.

FROM:
MY NAME (please print)
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP

Canada add $15/year, Foreign add $30/year, per gift. Foreign must be prepaid.

Return this coupon to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 602
Mt. Morris, IL 61054

GIFT FOR:
NAME(please print)
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP

GIFT FOR:
NAME (please print)
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP

NTA941

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial support to authors, journalists and academics." Not surprisingly, the source for much of the *Foreign Policy* article turns out to be the Serbian regime itself. Hence the article's many false or distorted charges. It is, essentially, a hoax.

Brock himself tipped his hand about his reliance on the broadcasts of state-run Belgrade Television, the propaganda organ of Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic notorious for inventing reports of atrocities against Serbs. In the *Foreign Policy* piece, he claimed that an August 1992 *Time* magazine photo of a starving Muslim at the Serb-run Trnopolje concentration camp was "in fact" a Serb with tuberculosis who had been arrested for looting. In fact, the man is Fikret Alic, a Muslim.

Caught in this goof by *Time* reporter Jim Jackson, Brock changed his story: he meant to refer to a picture in the same week's *Newsweek*. But in *Foreign Policy*, Brock had written of details that were only in *Time*, such as the caption and the fact that the purported Serb appeared "more emaciated than others who wore shirts in the picture." No one whose arms and torso are visible in *Newsweek* is wearing a shirt. In this "correction," published as a response to a letter from Jackson, Brock revealed he got the charge from Belgrade T.V. Two other Brock claims of misidentified Serb victims—in another *Newsweek* photo and on BBC television—also came from Belgrade T.V., according to Jonas Weiss, *Foreign Policy*'s fact-checker.

Such alleged cases of mistaken identity, so central to Serb propaganda, are also a leitmotif of the *Foreign Policy* article. Brock asserted that the Western media identified children aboard a Sarajevo bus hit by sniper fire in August 1992 as Muslim. The fact that there were Serbs on the bus went unreported, he claimed, until "much later." Brock added that, at a funeral for the children, "television reporters" said one child was Muslim, despite "the unmistakable Serbian Orthodox funeral ritual."

Almost every word of this allegation is false or grossly distorted. The Children's Embassy organized a bus evacuation from Sarajevo to Germany for fifty orphans in August 1992. The bus was shot at by snipers; two children died. The bus eventually made it out—after Serb paramilitaries had seized nine child passengers, claiming they were Serbs and should live with their own kind.

Brock is dead wrong that the media asserted the children were all Muslim. The presence of Serbs was reported at the time of the incident by the Associated Press and by *The Daily Telegraph* and *Independent* of Great Britain. After all, a main part of the story was the kidnapping of Serb children. Press reports on the funeral did identify one murdered child, accurately, as Roki Sulejmanovic, age 1, a Muslim. The other child, Vedrana Glavas, age 2, was identified, also correctly, as a Serb. Jim Bitterman of ABC News centered his story on Vedrana, referring to her as a Serb.

On April 12, 1993, Serb artillery killed dozens of refugee civilians in the Bosnian enclave of Srebrenica. Brock charged the media with ignoring "allegations" (by whom he does not say) that Muslim troops provoked the fusillade by firing "tanks" at the Serbs first. Three U.N. workers who visited Srebrenica near the time of the massacre told me the Bosnian army only had one tank, which was in disrepair. Louis Gentile of the United Nations High Commission on Refugees, who witnessed the April 12 shelling, said all had been quiet until the Serbian fire. U.N. military observers on the scene confirmed to him that the Serbs had shot first. But even if Brock's version were true, how could fire from inside the enclave justify shelling civilians in retaliation?

Even when Brock attacked inflated statistics of rapes of Muslim women by Serb soldiers (a reasonable point), he lapsed into falsification. The article says that a 1993 report by U.N. human rights rapporteur Tadeusz Mazowiecki "mentioned a figure of 2,400 [rape] victims ... based on 119 documented cases." Actually, the report did not contain the number 2,400 *anywhere*. It cited 119 *rape-induced pregnancies*, speculating that some 12,000 total rapes could be derived from that number.

Brock has declared that he is "not connected" to any "Yugoslav group." He maintains that his work for the SUC is "no compromise" of ethics. He says the only money he got from the SUC was a reimbursement for travel and lodging to speak at its annual conventions at the Grand Hyatt in New York in 1993 and at the Town & Country Hotel in San Diego in 1992. The "we" and "us" in his *Unity Herald* article, he claims, were stuck in by the editors. He doesn't mind, though, "because I sympathize generally with their plight." Ljiljana Obradovich-Knezevich, the editor of *Unity Herald*, told me she "didn't make any changes." As for the evidence that his media critique is a compendium of inventions, Brock refused to comment.

How did he get published in *Foreign Policy* anyway? Rather easily. Charles William Maynes, the editor of the journal, was receptive. In his own writings, Maynes has argued that intensive coverage of horrors abroad—the so-called CNN Factor—threatens to push the United States into foreign quagmires. Maynes had heard and believed claims of media bias against the Serbs from U.N. diplomats and from David Binder, a veteran *New York Times* reporter who covers Europe from the paper's Washington bureau. Binder suggested Maynes ask Brock to write the piece, and Maynes did so.

For his part, Maynes says Brock assured him he was not in the pay of any group. Maynes insists that U.N. officials he has talked to confirm a pro-Muslim press bias. Presented with evidence showing much of what he published is false, he stood by *Foreign Policy*'s fact-checking. Maynes argues that the Serbs have a case, and he simply gave it a forum. "The views and information [Brock presented] merited public consideration," he replied to a critical letter from *Newsday*'s Roy Gutman. "I would publish it again," he told me.

This concept of even-handedness is of questionable value in dealing with the starkest moral drama in Europe since 1945. On June 8 *Foreign Policy* sponsored a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

debate between Binder and Brock on one side and Edward Vulliamy of London's *Observer* and me on the other. The most chilling moment came when Binder praised *The New York Times*'s use fifty years ago of a Nazi news dispatch about D-Day. This, he contended, was a model of balanced reporting. Where is the Serbian agency Tanjug quoted today? he demanded.

Now that Bosnian Serb leaders have rejected the five-nation Contact Group peace plan—an action even Milosevic blamed on their greed and fear of war crimes trials—the need for apologists and propagandists to make their "case" will no doubt grow. And now that Bosnian Muslim forces, radicalized by their country's ordeal and fortified by new weapons, have gone on the offensive, the news will focus more and more on their abuses. The need to remember how this cycle began will increase, too. The Muslim "case" is that they were victims of aggression and ethnic cleansing by the Serbs. This "view" and that of the Serbs are indeed very different. But they aren't equally true. The suggestion that Serb war crimes are just a figment of media bias is not a "view that merits public consideration." It is a lie. •

How not to ban chemical weapons.

TOXIC TREATY

By Douglas J. Feith and Frank Gaffney Jr.

This summer, in addition to its high-profile push for health care and crime legislation, the Clinton administration is quietly pressing another initiative: ratification of the new Chemical Weapons Convention (CWC), which it touts as a comprehensive, global and verifiable ban on the possession of these horrible instruments of war. In late June the nation's top national security officials urged the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to vote for speedy approval. The trouble is, the CWC is a bad treaty—one that will likely increase the risk of chemical warfare around the world.

Its flaws were evident at the hearings. CIA Director James Woolsey, for example, admitted that while twenty-five countries are "working on" chemical weaponry, U.S. intelligence could not have "high confidence" in its ability to detect violations. General John Shalikashvili, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, noted that the Russians lack the resources to destroy their immense chemical stockpiles, and that Moscow is now misrepresenting its chemical weapons capabilities. And John Holum, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said the Senate should put off any discussion of the treaty's costs until after ratification—a classic sales pitch for a pig in a poke.

While such statements should give the Senate pause, an accord billed as a means of "ridding the world of chemical weapons" has broad appeal. If the Senate does not give the CWC the scrutiny that it deserves, the treaty may be approved within days. It shouldn't be.

The CWC is falsely advertised. It is *not* comprehensive. It does not and cannot ban all chemical agents that can be used for warfare. The very chemicals that created horror in the trenches of World War I—phosgene and hydrogen cyanide—are explicitly exempted from the ban because they, like most key chemical weapon ingredients, are widely used for civil industrial purposes. (As one wit put it, it's as if the treaty drafters decided to ban hollandaise sauce but deemed it impractical to prohibit eggs and butter.) As for facilities capable of producing chemical weapons, the treaty requires their destruction only if their home country declares that they have actually been designed or used for that purpose. Facilities not so declared can continue to operate—yet almost any factory capable of producing fertilizers, insecticides, pharmaceuticals or plastics can also make chemical warfare agents.

The CWC is also not global: it will take effect after only sixty-five countries ratify it. Yet the United States is committed to charter subscriber status—so we intend to bind ourselves whether or not rogue countries such as Iran, Syria, Libya or North Korea sign on. Even if these countries do join, they can violate the treaty—as Iraq and North Korea have done with the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. The risks of detection are minimal and of punishment practically nonexistent. This is clear from the history of the oft-violated 1925 Geneva Protocol prohibiting initiation of chemical warfare. A recent example: Iraq's chemical attacks against Iran and the Kurds in 1988. The evidence, including lurid videotapes of dead women and babies, impelled the convening of an international conference in Paris in January 1989. Yet the conferees could not approve a resolution even mentioning Iraq, let alone agree to punish it.

Nor is the CWC verifiable. Proponents stress that its verification regime is more intrusive, complex and burdensome than any ever negotiated. True, but it is not effective. No responsible U.S. official has even claimed that, if Iraq or Russia violates the treaty secretly, our intelligence agencies are confident they will detect it. Most of the CWC's voluminous verification provisions apply to "declared sites"—that is, places each party declares to be related to chemical weapons, and therefore open to regular inspection. Of the twenty-five states believed to have significant weapons programs, only two—the United States and Russia—have even admitted they have facilities to be declared.

The CWC also provides for so-called challenge inspections of undeclared sites—but how can we direct challenge inspections if we cannot detect violations by other means? We cannot spot-check a country the size of Iraq, let alone China or Russia. And even if we happen to locate a suspicious undeclared site, the CWC allows

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the challenged state to keep the international inspectors at bay for a week, during which time evidence can be destroyed. In any event, violators will have ample legal arguments for preventing proof of a violation.

Finally, the United States will grossly overpay for the treaty. Companies that have nothing to do with chemical weapons—producers of fertilizers, pharmaceuticals and plastics—will bear a heavy burden. According to the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, the CWC's reporting and inspection requirements will hit more than 10,000 U.S. firms, costing specific firms hundreds of thousands of dollars and U.S. industry in general millions every year. And this does not include costs related to the loss of proprietary information. The inspection provisions will give foreign competitors an opportunity to garner sensitive data and conduct industrial espionage here.

Some CWC supporters say there is no harm in ratifying a ban on weapons that we have no desire to maintain in our own arsenal. But if the United States wants to renounce possession of chemical weapons, we could better do so through a unilateral declaration of policy. Such a declaration would be grounded in present circumstances and could be reversed if future conditions so dictated. While treaty abrogation is always available in theory, the politics of arms control in democratic nations makes it impractical. Recall our experience with the U.S.-Soviet Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty. Long ago the United States decided the ABM Treaty was bad policy, discovered major Soviet violations and received confirmation of the violations from Soviet officials themselves—yet no U.S. administration to this day, Republican or Democratic, has dared propose that we repeal the treaty.

The way to reduce the dangers of chemical warfare is through deterrence (i.e., a strong overall military capability) and defense. The CWC's effect, however, will be to mislead Congress and others about the magnitude of the abiding risks in this field. The result will be the opposite of the treaty's intention: it will *increase* the danger of chemical warfare, primarily by encouraging a false sense of security, discouraging our investment in chemical detection technology, protective gear, medical treatment and such. Chemical weapons are likelier to be effective, and therefore used, against undefended or ill-defended targets.

The CWC is an escapist exercise in that its promoters chose to dodge the real problem—a failure to enforce the *existing* 1925 ban on chemical weapons use—by promulgating a new ban on chemical weapons possession that has even dimmer enforcement prospects. The situation evokes the mythical town of Chelm, famous for its inhabitants' goofiness: the absence of police gives rise to a plague of murders, robberies and rapes; the elders convene in distress; they decide it is too difficult to organize a police force; so they legislate a few new prohibitions and congratulate themselves.

Honest diplomacy would focus not on ratifying an ineffective new ban but on shoring up the 1925 Geneva Protocol. The key is to ensure that states contemplating first use of chemical weapons know that they will be penalized severely. If military and financial penalties can be devised and actually imposed on countries that flout the 1925 Geneva ban, they might be deterred, in which case the CWC is unnecessary. If not, then treaty violators will continue to enjoy impunity, which makes the CWC not worth a fig.

DOUGLAS J. FEITH and FRANK GAFFNEY JR. were officials of the Defense Department under Ronald Reagan.

Glendale, vicious Glendale.

SUBURBAN BLIGHT

By Alex Gibney

The California suburbs have always been the apotheosis of the American dream, mixing the romance of the frontier with the predictability of a small town. If Glendale is any indication, though, this mixture has become unstable, laying bare strange psychic fissures. Yes, the police respond quickly when we call them and, yes, the sprinklers rarely sputter. Yet there are small but ominous harbingers of a chaotic, cruel world that owes more to the suburban vision of John Waters than to Ozzie and Harriet: the mass execution of birds, public paddlings and a Little League run according to the precepts of Jimmy the Greek.

Four years ago, after a wayward .38 slug from a nearby gang party ricocheted into our children's bedroom, we moved out of our walk-up in the Los Angeles neighborhood known as Koreatown. It wasn't an easy decision. We liked the cultural vitality of the city and had viewed suburban living with all the fear and suspicion of Kevin McCarthy encountering gurgling pods just beyond the barbecue pit in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. But a year after we moved the L.A. riots erupted, and a young boy was shot and killed on our old corner. Suddenly the suburbs looked pretty good. After all, we had a lawn, cheerful neighbors, good babysitters and a highly touted public school within walking distance of our house.

The trouble began when our daughter's kindergarten teacher punished one of her noisy classmates by taping his mouth shut. Sure, the kid was a loudmouth; he was also only 5. When we complained to the principal, she blanched. What, she wanted to know, was *our* problem? Nothing that private school couldn't fix.

Then we heard that the birds were coming. This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spring, after a flock of more than 10,000 pigeons massed ominously in downtown Glendale, the city council voted to trap them in cloth sacks and gas them with carbon monoxide by tying the sacks to the tailpipes of idling cars. Here in Ronald Reagan country, our civic leaders were taking a page out of the red book of Mao Zedong, who had mobilized his people to keep the sparrows aloft by banging pots and pans, fatally exhausting them in a national rite of avian mass murder. Unfortunately, Mao's campaign had unforeseen consequences: the death of so many sparrows caused a devastating explosion of the insect population.

After an uproar from animal rights groups around the country, the council reconsidered its plan. Instead, it moved to cut off the birds' food supply, promising to fine any citizen who tosses them crumbs up to $250. This sounds a lot like Governor Pete Wilson's proposal to combat immigration: deny food and services to the interlopers—most likely *Mexican* pigeons—and they will stop flocking to our community and fouling our awnings.

Other suburban laws of the jungle are taught at the local Little League fields. My daughter, now 9, plays softball on a manicured field that has an electronic scoreboard, a public address system and an announcer (no instant replay yet). Knees knocking, she faces canned-heat fastballs from opposing pitchers who throw "chin music": high-and-tight. Her coach has coaxed parents into paying for a batting instructor, trips to a nearby batting cage and extra practices. One of my neighbors, a former league coach, says many businessmen place bets (yes, bets) as large as $1,500 on the boys' games. What does it take to get 12-year-olds to blow the spread—Power Rangers?

Local politics has its own sordid charm. Our representative to the state assembly—Republican Pat Nolan—is in jail, convicted of running a racketeering operation. His interim replacement, James Rogan, is supported by Christian fundamentalists and is famous for his sponsorship of a bill to publicly paddle graffiti artists. Meanwhile, our congressman, Carlos Moorhead, has "the most conservative record in the House," according to *The Almanac of American Politics*. A somewhat diffident legislator, he has introduced only three well-known bills in the past twenty years: National Prayer Day (1982), an attempt to increase the size of our border patrol (1986) and National Snow White Week (1987).

Like the anti-pigeon faction, Moorhead doesn't take kindly to outsiders, particularly foreigners. He's in favor of abolishing all foreign aid. He's against crime unless it is committed by Republicans; he was one of the very last members of Congress to desert Richard Nixon. He's also anti-choice—except when it comes to guns. An NRA booster, he views the issue of easy criminal access to firearms with worldly resignation: "If they [criminals] *didn't have guns, they'd do it with knives.*" In other words, if guns are banned, there will surely be an increase in drive-by stabbings.

Moorhead preaches to the converted. The twenty-seventh district has long been a Republican stronghold because Democrats—who control redistricting in the state—have sought to bunch conservative Republicans here. In the past Glendale also has been a magnet for white supremacists, who have been known to spray swastikas in public places and, in a peculiar nod to suburban convention, to apply for barbecue permits in order to burn crosses on neighborhood lawns.

Fortunately, there are signs that things may be changing. On April 7, for the first time that anyone could remember, our district's voter registration revealed 1,500 more Democrats than Republicans. Because of population shifts, we now boast more younger voters, a large lower-middle class and a significant immigrant population (more than half of the city's schoolchildren speak English as a second language). The restaurants are getting better, and the ethnic food aisles of the local supermarkets are expanding. (That's good news, because the white supremacists—who favor Twinkies and Wonder Bread—tend to recoil from shelves full of Korean kimchi.) The old principal at the local public school has been replaced by a new one who emphasizes education over order and pledges that masking tape is no longer part of the standard disciplinary tool kit; my daughter and son will transfer back this fall.

Most promising, this fall's Democratic challenger to Moorhead is Doug Kahn, whose sister I dated in college. The owner of a small typography business, Doug doesn't have any government experience, but he has the practical instincts of a citizen-legislator. If he is elected (along with Adam Schiff, a former federal prosecutor running against Rogan), it may be a sign that we're willing to make peace with the urban tribes at our gates—and, increasingly, inside our walls. If not, the shadowy contradictions between frontier and front lawn could take over, turning our version of *It's a Wonderful Life* into *Serial Mom*.

ALEX GIBNEY is a documentary producer in Los Angeles.

A multiethnic utopia?

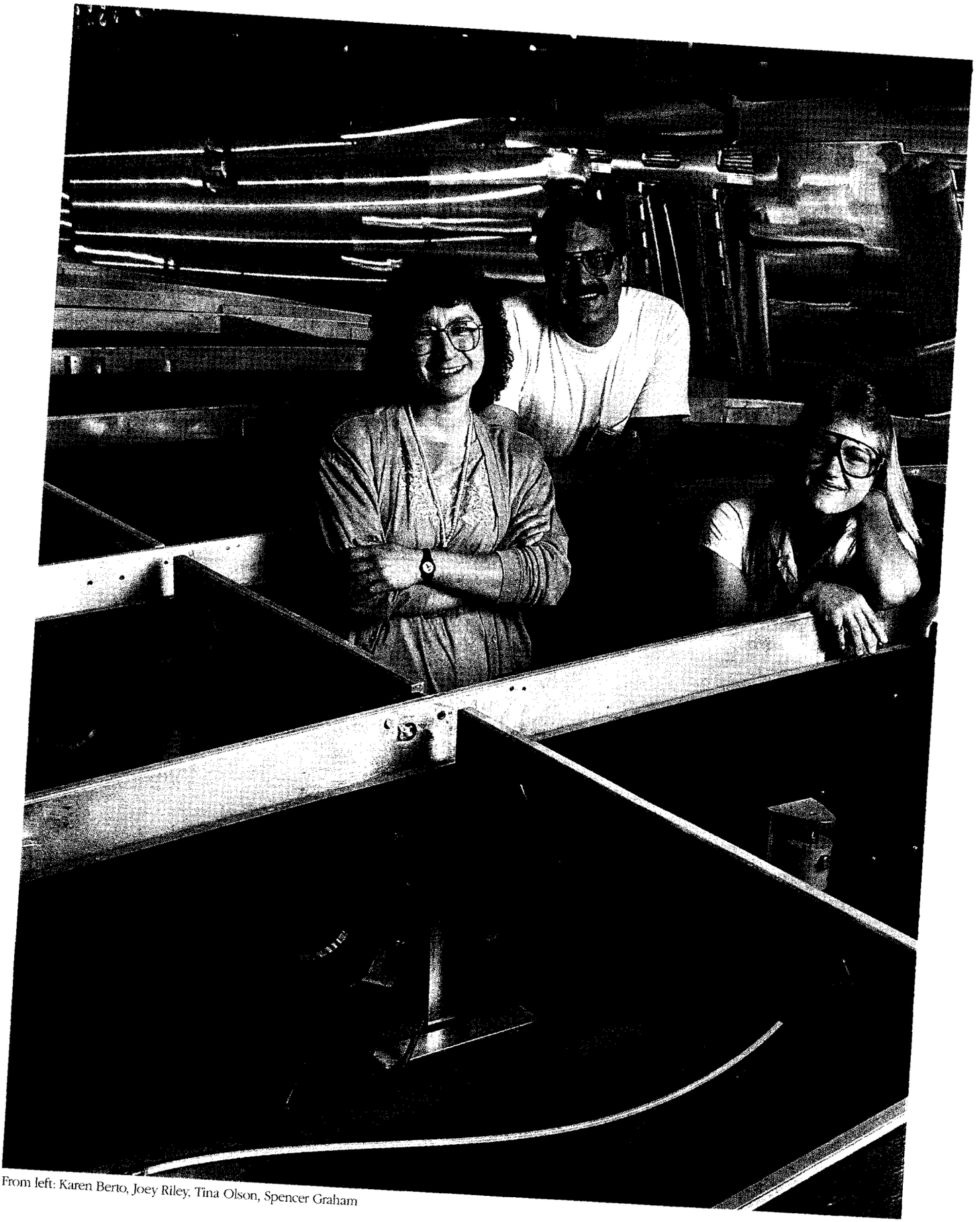
INGLEGOOD

By David E. Hayes-Bautista and Gregory Rodríguez

In late July the beating of a Latino youth by an African American police officer in an L.A. suburb reignited talk of a rift between Latinos and blacks. An op-ed in the August 14 *Los Angeles Times* alleged a "worsening friction" between the two

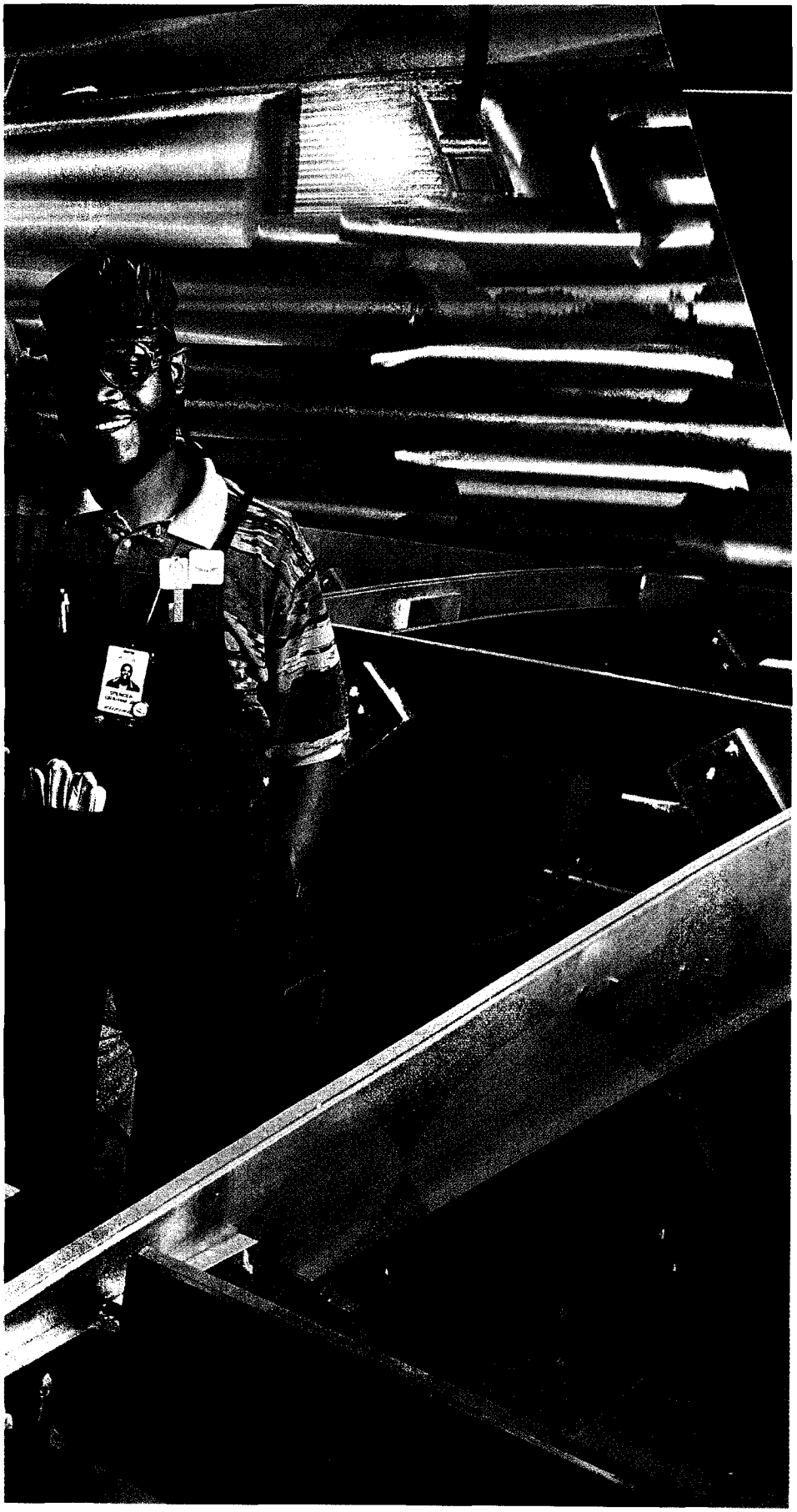
continued on page 26

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From left: Karen Berto, Joey Riley, Tina Olson, Spencer Graham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NO ONE FLIES ALONE.

Boeing invests billions in research and development. About $6.5 billion in the last 5 years alone. What distinguishes our approach to technology is this deceptively simple, thoroughly human question: "Who needs it?" Technology becomes product when the answer is: "Our Customer."

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groups, echoing an October 1992 *Atlantic Monthly* cover story ominously titled "Blacks vs. Browns." At the core of these claims is a belief, articulated in the *Atlantic* story, that a "grim" competition exists between Latinos and African Americans. Yet in communities all over Southern California—particularly in the L.A. suburb of Inglewood—these groups are forging a peaceful future in the face of population shifts.

Situated between South-Central L.A. and the Los Angeles International Airport, Inglewood may be the most demographically volatile nine square miles in California. The city of more than 110,000 was predominantly white in 1970; by 1980 it was predominantly black. Although it is home to many professionals and is part of a triangle of contiguous communities that make up one of the largest concentrations of middle-class African Americans in the United States, white flight has left Inglewood with a bad reputation. Director Lawrence Kasdan used the city as a symbol of urban hell in his 1991 movie *Grand Canyon*. For years it has been referred to as "Inglewatts."

Still, Inglewood's formidable tax base—which includes the Hollywood Park horse racing track and the Great Western Forum, the home of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings—have kept it from going the way of other cities that whites have abandoned. Blacks there have nearly half the poverty rate of blacks in the rest of L.A. County. In Morningside Park, the city's most heavily black district, and the area with the most homeowners and registered voters, African Americans who moved in since the 1970s are better educated than the whites who left.

Over the years, as whites have continued to leave, upwardly mobile blacks have moved out of the city's poor and blue-collar neighborhoods, and Latinos have moved in. When Alfredo and Virginia Gonzalez came to Inglewood in 1976, they were attracted by the affordable housing prices. Theirs was the second Latino family on the block. Within a decade more than 25,000 Latinos arrived, mostly Mexican immigrants, and the number of Latino homeowners tripled. "They're not running from us, and we're not running from them," says Virginia Gonzalez. "We've never had problems here. The blacks have always treated us well." African American officials, many of whom recall white resistance to their own arrival, are sensitive to issues of race and ethnicity, says Father Paul Montoya, the pastor of St. John's Catholic Church. A second-generation Mexican-American, Montoya feels the city's black leadership has tried to include Latinos, and he has been preaching civic participation in his Spanish Masses. "It takes time for both people and institutions to respond to such a dramatic change in the population," he says.

In the meantime, black and Latino children are growing up together—and despite news reports that labeled a gang fight at Inglewood High School this spring a "mini race riot," ethnic tensions are not tearing the diverse student body apart. "My parents didn't raise me to get along with only one race," says Armando Macias, an 18-year-old senior whose best friend is African American. Inglewood High's black principal, Dr. Kenneth Crowe, is so confident in the health of the school's learning environment that his son, who lives with him outside the district, is enrolled there.

Two policies adopted in Inglewood during the last year by black and Latino officials suggest that a post-minority consciousness is taking hold. On March 18 city officials introduced Southern California's most comprehensive juvenile curfew program, the brainchild of a Latino councilman, Jose Fernandez, and three-term African American Mayor Edward Vincent. Under the new ordinance, after 10 p.m. on weekdays and 11 p.m. on weekends, anyone under 18 years old found on the street without a specific destination and unaccompanied by an adult guardian is taken to the police station and kept there until his parents pick him up. By all accounts the curfew is keeping children off the street at night. During the first weekend more than eighty kids were hauled in. On a recent Friday, only three kids, all of whom had had previous run-ins with the law, were picked up.

Fernandez, who was born in Cuba but raised in Inglewood, feels that the city's ethnic and socioeconomic makeup allows for blacks and Latinos to come together and subvert what many here see as the larger culture's laissez-faire morality. His heavily blue-collar Mexican immigrant constituency applauds the curfew because it supports the Latino view of family and responsibility. African Americans, meanwhile, see the curfew as exactly the sort of "back to basics" approach they want. Now that whites are a minority in Inglewood, there is less concern that a curfew will be used to abuse the civil rights of nonwhites. In Inglewood, at least, law and order is no longer a code phrase for racism. In 1988 the city became one of very few in California to raise its property tax rates so it could put more police on the street.

The other popular local move to combat crime and youth delinquency is the decision by KACE-FM to take gangster rap off its playlist—the only radio station in Southern California to do so. Program Director Rich Guzman, a Latino whose first job in radio was hosting a Tex-Mex show in Racine, Wisconsin, said he felt the rhythm-and-blues station could no longer play music that denigrates women, promotes drug and alcohol abuse and dignifies gunslinging. Mark Gunn, KACE's African American music director, agreed. While neither blames music for society's ills, they don't see a need to play songs that glorify anti-social behavior.

To date, no white-owned R&B station has followed their lead, but that does not surprise them. Nor does it daunt them. "No outside agency in the world is going to solve our problems," says Gunn. "It's all about self. Self-discipline and self-reliance. People are waking up."

DAVID E. HAYES-BAUTISTA is director of the Alta California Policy Research Center. GREGORY RODRIGUEZ is a research associate at the center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where L.A. ends—and begins.

A DEATH IN VENICE

By Jennifer Allen

Let me tell you where I have lived in Los Angeles. I have lived in a house above a canyon of brush, have been awakened by sirens, seen the flames, packed the car, thrown silver in the pool, turned the sprinklers on, stood on the ice plant, left the canyon burning and later returned to find the hills black, barren, bald. I have lived in an apartment by the Tar Pits, smelled the heat of the tar rising in summer, seen the gas of the earth shooting fire up from manholes, tearing the roof off a store in a strip mall. I have lived in a house in Venice, a house where those who entered spoke of its "good energy," meaning, I suppose, that no one had been killed there. A house with oak floors, a sun-through-the-trees light, two tall date palms, a Mexican rug hung over a couch on the slate porch out front. The kind of house where I slept well, in a room in the back, in a bed that was not mine, with a ceiling that was peeling and a door that did not lock. The kind of house where a friend once noted the wood floors, the kind light, and asked, "Do you own a gun?" This is the last place I lived in Los Angeles. This is where I packed my belongings into boxes, gave the key to the landlord and hired a Mexican mover who gave me his business card, listing suggested readings in Deuteronomy, Matthew, Thessalonians.

I am no prophet. I am not one who has visions on the freeway and has to be pulled over for reckless driving, having seen the coming of earthquakes and famines and floods. I cannot smell the smoke before the fire or detect the coming of a Santa Ana. Nor can I tell you what makes for earthquake weather, because to me all weather is earthquake weather. I have slept through earthquakes. I have driven with two flat tires on the freeway until someone told me, honked. I have driven through a rioting boulevard of broken windshields, stoned. I am not aware of such happenings until they come up at me and wake me up. What woke me up out of Venice last fall was the doorbell ringing, flashlights searching through windows of the house and a couple of LAPD cops asking me what my name was. There'd been "some activity" in the neighborhood, they said. A woman had either been hit by a car or beaten up, they said. Had I seen anything? I had been sleeping.

I relit the prayer candles I had blown out before sleep. The ninety-nine-cent kind you get at The Boys supermarket. A tall glass of candle with a picture sticker of whomever you seek the protection of and a novena in English and Spanish. A blue Mother Mary sending light out from her palms. A red Jesus with his heart girded in thorns. A pink guardian angel guiding children across a bridge. I burned these candles in the house, burning so many at once—they were on sale one week—that at times it felt like overkill, over-prayer, as if I did not believe in the power of one candle's prayer. A lack of faith, I see it as now.

What I could see from inside the house—its many windows gave a view of the entire block around—was the yellow police tape that had been hung up in my sleep, blocking an alleyway where the trash was dumped, keeping cars off a street that was a short cut into and out of town. Doc Martens and pajamas, cigarettes and matches, I went out and stood with the neighbors outside the "DO NOT CROSS" tape and watched a cat smell the cloth that covered the spot where the woman once was. The men from the fire station a few houses down had already come, without sirens, to lift her up, wrap her head, send her to Marina Emergency.

This I was told. This we talked about there, in the headlight fog of LAPD squad cars. She was a leather miniskirted girl in her 20s, brains blown out, skull smashed or maybe O.D.-exploded head. She was dumped out of a trunk. She was shot and then dumped. She O.D.'d, was shot and then dumped. They were driving on, the killers, the dumpers, the O.D.ers, still, now, in Los Angeles, driving, talking too fast or too slow or too something, thinking or maybe not thinking at all about what they had done.

The story kept us up at night, days after. The story we told ourselves in our kitchens, merging fact and fiction, became this: she had been at the Brig, a nearby bar I never went to because everybody told me not to whenever I said I wanted to, or had to, or would. A bar I often walked past; its parking lot wall with a mural of a woman and a man standing in that very lot, and on the wall behind them, the mural framed, though not yet painted—an image of unfinished prophecy or maybe just the inspired remnants of some good LSD. Camaros and Harleys parked there. "Lucky" was mosaicked into the sidewalk entrance. This is where she smoked, drank, shot pool. This is where the biker, pressed up against the bar, had seen her dancing with his girlfriend that night. Or this is where her boyfriend came to pick her up to take her away from the biker at the bar, a boyfriend who collected guns, a boyfriend who managed an apartment complex where earlier that year another girl had been found in the laundry-room basement, dead. Or this is where no one she had ever known or seen before gave her the ride home. She was 26, white, named Sydney. She was dead by sunrise.

That night I said I would not sleep. That night, I could see everyone who drove by my house while I slept. I could see their faces in the cops' flashlights, faces stunned, their short-cut, detoured. They followed orders, put it in reverse, took a right or a left.

"Did you know her?" a cop asked me after I had seen a one-headlighted car drive past, circle the circle that

continued on page 30

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cairo Conference on Population and Development: Part of the Solution, or Part of the Problem?

In the following open letter, Donald Mann, President of Negative Population Growth, Inc., argues that the Conference will offer a totally inadequate response to the crisis confronting the human race as a result of the relentless growth of world population.

What can be said of the preparations that have been made for the 1994 International Conference on Population and Development (ICPD) to be held in Cairo in September?

My answer is this: "If the international community cannot propose better ways to stop world population growth than those recommended in the Draft Final Document for the Cairo Conference, then we must reconcile ourselves to living in a world, a few decades from now, with 12 to 14 billion people, or even more."

Do the provisions of the Draft Final document and Program of Action, which set the conference agenda, represent an adequate response by the world community to the crisis caused by world population growth? They most emphatically do not.

Are we in fact faced with a crisis? Yes, we are. With a present population of nearly six billion, already far beyond a sustainable level, and still growing by some 90 million each year, the world is faced with a threat of terrifying proportions.

The Draft Final Document and 20-year Program of Action offer us business as usual, as is evident from their grave flaws and omissions:

No numerical goal.

The Draft is silent with regard to a numerical goal at which world population size should be stabilized. Halting population growth before world population reaches eight billion, and then recommending programs to achieve that goal, should be the central concerns of the Cairo Conference.

An unfounded claim?

The Preamble of the Draft states that, "Implementation of the goals and objectives contained in the present 20-year Program of Action...would result in world population growth during this period and beyond at levels close to the United Nations' low variant."

That is an astonishing statement. There is little or no basis for it. According to the United Nations' low variant (for projected population growth) world population would peak at 7.813 billion in 2050, and then gradually decline.

For that to happen, fertility would have to decline by 2025-2030 by the following percentages: in Africa by 61%, in Latin America by 34%, in China by 25%, in India by 57%, and in the world aggregate by 44%.

The actions recommended in the Draft Final Document rely chiefly on family planning to achieve fertility reduction. They also emphasize gender equity, and the empowerment and improving the status of women, which are extremely important and laudable goals in their own right.

Nevertheless, it is absurd to think that these measures, even if fully implemented, could result in such drastic and dramatic declines in fertility in only 30 to 35 years.

I urge the drafters of the Preamble, and those who approved it, to reexamine their data. If the review shows conference officials that the statement in question is in fact wrong, then I call upon them to delete it from the Final Document.

Responsibilities.

The Draft specifies an array of rights of various sorts. But it contains little about responsibilities, either of individuals or of nations. In my opinion, such a vitally important subject deserves an entire chapter.

The Draft should state explicitly that individuals, nations, and international organizations have the responsibility to make their actions and policies consistent with halting world population growth as quickly as is humanely possible.

A troubling omission is the Draft's silence about the responsibility of each nation to stabilize its population size at a sustainable level, well within the carrying capacity of its resources and environment.

For most countries in the world, that would mean a substantial reduction in present population size. That fact should be explicitly recognized.

While the devastating impact of world overpopulation on our resources and environment affects all nations, in a world of sovereign states overpopulation can only be solved by the actions of each individual nation.

Rights.

With regard to the rights of nations, a right that is not mentioned in the Draft but one that should be emphasized, is the right of all nations to make their immigration policies consistent with the objective of population stability or reduction.

Regarding individual rights, the Draft Final Document states that, "All couples and individuals have the basic right to decide freely and responsibly the number and spacing of their children and to have the information, education and means to do so."

That is, of course, a perfect recipe for further population growth, since 90 percent of future world population growth is projected to occur in the developing countries where couples desire, on average, three or more children.

If that statement could be deleted, and the following

(continued)

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statement substituted for it, it might prove to be, if heeded, the salvation of the world: "Because world population growth cannot otherwise be halted, no couple or individual should have the right to have more than two children."

The argument for that statement of rights is both simple and irrefutable. Population growth can never be halted unless almost all couples and individuals around the world have two or fewer children. Yet, so many people and organizations, including our own government, have such difficulty recognizing that simple, indisputable fact!

A recent report by the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, a lay panel of the Vatican, stated the obvious. The report said that increases in life-span and advances in medical care "have made it unthinkable to sustain indefinitely a birth rate that notably exceeds the level of two children per couple -- in other words the requirement to guarantee the future of humanity."

All nations should make the two-child maximum family, and a sub-replacement level of fertility, their fundamental planning goals. Those should have been the central themes of the Cairo Conference.

Family planning is not enough.

Why does the international community (and our own government) persist in espousing family planning as the means to halting world population growth, when it is so obvious that it alone cannot achieve that goal?

Family planning is a necessary, but not sufficient, measure for halting population growth in most of the world's nations. The provision of contraceptive information and services, together with safe, legalized abortion are essential parts of any national population policy. But in countries where the desired family size is three or more children, family planning must be supplemented by non-coercive incentives and disincentives to encourage couples and individuals to have not more than two children.

NPG Proposes the Following Goals

First of all, we at NPG consider that we must expect disaster if world population growth is not stopped short of eight billion, and then reversed. The awesome momentum of past population growth makes it virtually impossible to halt it sooner.

We propose measures that would, in fact, achieve the United Nations' low variant, that is, stopping population growth when it peaks at 7.8 billion in 2050, after which it would start a gradual decline.

To achieve that goal a replacement level of fertility (roughly, an average of 2.1 children per woman) would be too high. A sub-replacement level of fertility would be necessary. The United Nations' low variant calls for a total world fertility rate of 1.7 by 2025-2030 in order to achieve the low variant population projections.

That means that women around the world would have to average 1.7 children, rather than the 3.2 they average now. To achieve such a drastic reduction of fertility, measures that go beyond family planning would be essential.

We Must Change Desired Family Size

Without incentives and disincentives to reduce desired family size to not more than two children, there is no hope of achieving a sub-replacement level of fertility, and, therefore, no hope of halting population growth before world population reaches eight billion. No hope at all.

Reducing desired family size in all nations (including the U.S.) that have not yet achieved a sub-replacement level of fertility is the critical key to achieving the population projections called for by the United Nations' low variant.

by Donald Mann
President, NPG

P.S. World population should have been stabilized long ago at one to two billion (it was 1.65 billion at the beginning of this century). Our urgent task now is to halt world population growth as soon as it is humanely possible to do so, then to reduce world population gradually, so that it can eventually be stabilized at a sustainable level of one to two billion, not more.

At best, the completion of that awesome task will take several centuries. But, as the Chinese proverb has it, a voyage of a thousand miles starts with a single step. Will we somehow find the courage and the wisdom to take that first step now?

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. ***We are the only organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.***

To become a member, and receive our newsletter, plus all our current and future publications, please send us your check today.

Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows. As reported to the IRS on our most recent Form 990, our fundraising and administrative expense was only 13.3 percent of our total income.

Yes, I want to become a member of NPG, and help you work toward a smaller U.S. and world population. I am enclosing my check for annual membership dues.

____$30 ____$50 ____$100 ____Other

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **Negative Population Growth, Inc.**
210 The Plaza, P.O. Box 1206, Teaneck, NJ 07666

NR-894-CC40

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made our block a four-way circular intersection, the car passing, circling twice, the killer, the dumper, the mourner, coming back to look at the event. This is what I thought. This is what I told the cop. "Did you know her?" the cop asked, and I thought, "Yes, she was me." And then I thought, go home, go to bed, get some sleep.

I blew out the prayer candles. Left a Mother Mary to burn itself out until dawn.

There were other events in Venice—a flyer the LAPD left between the screen and the door listing the names of those killed in the blocks surrounding our house. There was gunfire at night. Emptying of guns, five rounds a piece. Fair fighting, I thought, no one yet dying, everyone finishing their rounds beyond the blinds. Fair fire, I thought, until one shot shook us in bed one night. "A .357," the man lying next to me said in our mid-dream state of mind. There were helicopters hovering, blowing trash, spraying lights. There were shaved heads and white tank tops and smiles of a local gang coming and going from its curtain-drawn trailer-home parked just beside the jade lining the sidewalk. There were rats in the date palms, a possum in the kitchen, ants in the shower. There were brush fires beyond, sending ash over cars and yards, and there were water rations in full-drought mode. There was an earthquake that reminded us all that Venice is built on land-fill, a.k.a. liquid earth, meaning the place is quicksand, capable of sucking you and your roof in with it.

After the quake I did not burn the prayer candles. Land shifts could tumble them over, start a fire. I went to church instead. My church was not in Venice. It was in the next town over, St. Monica's in Santa Monica. St. Monica's is a place I went to when I could no longer sit on the porch smoking one last cigarette before going to bed, when I could no longer leave the blinds open to see who just might be careening by, when I could no longer leave the screen door unlatched, the front door open, the back door wide for a breeze. St. Monica's, I call it my church, though I am not Catholic. The church is now in the hands of Peck/Jones, a post-earthquake repair crew, "a restoration team," as they call it here. The church looks as if it is waiting to be leveled: fallen bricks, a diagonally cracked bell tower, the apse severed. A stone cross lies in the parking lot. This is the church I came to, not for Mass, because at Mass I was always standing up when others were sitting down, kneeling when others were saying vows, saying vows I could not announce. I came and sat in there, and thought how this would be the place to be in an earthquake. I thought this would test my faith. The world could fall around you and you would remain still, unaltered, calm. When police tape circled the church to keep worshipers away from the dangers of aftershocks, when Mass was now moved to center court at St. Monica's gym, when the man who had detected the .357 shot asked me to come to Tennessee, I went. I did. I left Los Angeles. I left Los Angeles and was baptized in the water on top of a mountain said to be guarded by angels, a place where on an Easter candlelight vigil in my turning the pages and holding the candles I lit the Book of Common Prayer on fire.

It is fire season in Los Angeles now. The eucalyptus is dry; the dust, dirt; the ocean, flat. To the saint near the ocean's edge is where I come when I return to Los Angeles. Here, where Wilshire meets Pacific, is the statue of Santa Monica. Her back to the ocean, her hands crossed over her chest, she faces all of Los Angeles. The sun sets behind her. A bus passes before her. "PLEASE KEEP YOUR PARK CLEAN," reads a sign nearby. In a park for the old and the homeless, the barefoot and the bladed, the tourist and the native, she stands—unmoved, untouched, unreal. This is where Los Angeles ends. And where it begins.

JENNIFER ALLEN is a free-lance writer.

Republicans with a cause.

CRIME SCENE

By Fred Barnes

Governor Pete Wilson's first act on arrival at the Westminster Police Department, twenty miles south of Los Angeles, was to put a green ribbon on his lapel, signifying opposition to youth violence. It was pinned above a campaign button that had the word "victim" with a red slash running through it. The button, left over from a rally in Sacramento the day before, was supposed to send a message: no more victims of assaults, murders, rapes. A few weeks earlier, when Wilson attended a memorial service for a slain Manhattan Beach police officer, he wore a white rose on his lapel, an emblem of sympathy for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers killed in the line of duty.

Californians like to display their anxiety about crime, and that's especially true of Wilson, the moderate Republican who's seeking a second term as governor. He's attached himself to the issue with unflinching determination. He talks about it incessantly and throws out anti-crime press releases like confetti. He's always deadly serious about the subject. In Westminster on August 9, Wilson listened to harrowing stories by a quadriplegic who'd been gunned down in a carjacking and by the mother of a teenager wounded four times in a gang-related drive-by shooting. "No one knows the pain and suffering of a family," sighed the mother, Karen Lott. Wilson nodded but didn't try to share her pain. He simply thanked her and then endorsed her idea of lowering the age at which juveniles might face trial as adults, from 16 to 14.

The fastest way to learn about the salience of the crime issue in California is to spend a few days with Wilson. On Monday, August 8, he addressed a rally on the steps of the state capitol to drum up support for his anti-crime package in the Democrat-controlled legislature. He was joined by an all-star cast of relatives of murder victims, including Patti Tate, the sister of actress Sharon Tate, who was killed twenty-five years ago by followers of Charles Manson, and Marc Klaas, the father of Polly Klaas, the 12-year-old girl from Petaluma who was abducted from her bedroom and murdered last fall. The next day Wilson was in Westminster, wearing the green ribbon and demanding that carjackers and drive-by shooters be subject to the death penalty or life without parole. On Wednesday he appeared at a juvenile court in Los Angeles to push for tougher youth sentences. And on Thursday he joined victims of domestic violence in San Diego, where he was mayor from 1971 to 1983, urging increased penalties for repeat abusers.

State Treasurer Kathleen Brown, Wilson's Democratic opponent, and the sister of former Governor Jerry Brown and daughter of ex-governor Pat Brown, has tried to keep up. It's not easy. When she went to Washington on August 8 to lobby for President Clinton's crime bill, Wilson zinged her for not lobbying Democrats in Sacramento on state crime measures. Her attacks on Wilson in T.V. commercials ("As a woman in California, do you feel safer today than you did just four years ago?") have prompted ferocious rebuttal ads by the Wilson camp ("She's even against the death penalty"). Still, Brown persists. On August 10 she stood in front of the Los Angeles County Courthouse and accused Wilson of leaving 49,000 registered sex offenders "on the loose." Her aides helpfully passed out a "sex offender fact sheet" to reporters. "We've had tough talk for four years," Brown said. "Now it's time for tough action." Fine, but Brown's harping on crime hasn't neutralized the issue, her immediate political goal. During the months she has stressed law and order, Wilson has come from twenty-three points behind to move marginally ahead in the polls.

The California political environment of 1992, so hospitable to women candidates, Clinton and liberal Democrats and so hostile to George Bush that he virtually abandoned the state two months before Election Day, has long since vanished. Two years ago Wilson met with a victims' rights organization in the governor's office. Only one reporter showed up—to ask a question about the state budget. Now the press covers little except crime. Local T.V. newscasts consist of crime, weather and sports. Of course, there are plenty of sensational stories to dwell on: Rodney King, the L.A. riots, the Menendez brothers, Heidi Fleiss, Polly Klaas, O.J. And if current events slow, there's also a pretty hefty archive. When the O.J. case hit a lull in early August, the California media, both T.V. and print, turned the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Tate-LaBianca killings into an orgy of blood-drenched nostalgia. Saturation coverage of crime affects politics, putting candidates who would prefer to talk up other things, such as the state's barely recovering economy or women's rights, at a disadvantage. In oversimplified terms, it helps conservatives, Republicans and male candidates, and hurts liberals, Democrats and female candidates.

There's another change in California, an epochal one. For decades the state was a trendsetter, producing political waves that swept west to east. Ronald Reagan's 1966 election as governor presaged the conservative era nationally and its pinnacle, Reagan's own presidency. Then came the tax revolt, sparked by Proposition 13 in 1978, and term limits, imposed on state legislators in 1990. This year, the lone potential trendsetter on the ballot is Proposition 187, the anti-illegal alien initiative. If it passes, it will increase pressure to crack down on unlawful immigrants in a half-dozen states. But will it have broad national impact? I doubt it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instead of creating trends, California now merely caricatures or inflates them. Take Sonny Bono. After launching Reagan into national politics in the 1960s, California is poised this year to send Cher's ex to Washington as a House member. Or take money. Nowhere is it more important in politics than in California. Kathleen Brown won the Democratic nomination for governor by outspending her chief opponent, State Insurance Commissioner John Garamendi, $6 million to $2 million. In the GOP primary, Ron Unz, an unknown, got 34 percent of the vote against Wilson by dispensing $2 million of his own money. More eyepopping still, Republican Michael Huffington spent $5 million of his personal fortune in 1992 to oust an incumbent GOP House member from Southern California's tony twenty-second district, scared off serious GOP competition for the Senate nomination this year, then closed a twenty-five-point gap with Democratic Senator Dianne Feinstein by kicking in $9 million for T.V. spots. Huffington didn't move to California until 1991. At summer's end he and Feinstein were in a dead heat.

There's also Clinton, who has soared higher and plummeted faster in California than elsewhere. Well into 1994, he was enormously popular there. His frequent trips there helped. Because of the state's pivotal role—a Democrat probably can't be elected president without capturing California—Clinton visited nine times in 1993 and three more this year. But this summer, the president lost favor. In the Field Poll, his approval rating fell eight points and his disapproval jumped eight points. In private polls, Clinton fared worse. Now California Democrats are stuck, says Republican consultant Ken Khachigian, with "the Clinton baggage, the normal midterm drag of an incumbent [president]."

The best example of how California exaggerates a legitimate issue is crime. Violent crime is a major concern everywhere, but in California it's an obsession. "You'd think the economy would be the big issue," says Police Chief James Cook of Westminster. "No way. It's crime." Why? I asked a dozen California politicos and got a dozen different reasons. Clint Reilly, Brown's campaign manager, blames the press. He has a point. But Reilly himself is no slouch at riding the issue, having done so last year to engineer the election of Republican Richard Riordan as mayor of Los Angeles. Wilson says, "People have finally awakened to the fact there's too much crime ... [and] they've become aware the laws are too lenient." Wilson's campaign chief, George Gorton, has another explanation: "There's random, vicious, senseless, inexplicable, unpredictable crime and it's scary." My explanation is that California simply carries things to extremes. Two years ago the state reacted hysterically to the recession. Now it's crime.

What's paradoxical is that while anxiety over crime rises, the rate of violent crime in the state is falling. True, the level of crime shouldn't be treated lightly. According to the 1992 FBI Uniform Crime Reports, California ranks fourth in violent crime (behind Washington, D.C., Florida and New York). And the rate for Los Angeles was 44 percent higher than for New York City. But in the first half of 1994, the number of homicides decreased 28 percent in L.A.; robberies fell 19 percent; and aggravated assaults, 12 percent. Crime dipped statewide, too. Only one California city, San Bernardino, made *Money* magazine's 1994 list of the nation's fifteen most dangerous cities. Six made the list of the fifteen safest cities, including top-ranked Irvine.

California may be weird, but it's important. Republican prospects in the November 8 midterm election depend heavily on the state. Unless Huffington defeats Feinstein, the GOP probably won't gain enough seats to take over the Senate. And if Republicans don't pick up four or five congressional seats in California—and hold the Palm Springs seat Bono is seeking—they have little chance of controlling the House. The governor's race is a special concern to Clinton. Wilson insists that if he's re-elected, he won't run for president in 1996. Almost no one believes him. At the least, the governor is taken seriously as a vice presidential running mate. Six of the GOP's last seven presidential victories have come when a Californian was on the ticket (Nixon four times, Reagan twice).

Clinton, who will campaign for Brown in September, must wonder about her game plan. GOP strategists do. They're amazed she continues to try to overturn Wilson's natural advantage on crime. Wilson, 60, is the grandson of a Chicago cop, Thomas Callahan, killed by narcotics dealers in 1908. (Wilson keeps Callahan's badge in his office.) He's backed every get-tough initiative in California for decades. Wilson aide Dan Schnur says Brown's emphasis on crime "is like James Carville putting up a sign in the Clinton war room in 1992 saying, 'It's Desert Storm, stupid.' " Worse, she inadvertently keeps attention on the death penalty, backed by 80 percent of Californians and a favorite talking point of Wilson. He's for it; Brown's not. Only two executions have been carried out during his term, prompting Wilson to plug for the removal of obstacles to capital punishment. "Delays in carrying out the death penalty are like fresh attacks on victims and their families," he argued in July. Brown, 48, brushes off questions about the death penalty. To a reporter at her sex offender press conference, she snapped, "Kathleen Brown will enforce the death penalty. It's the law. It's an issue about which there is no debate." Brown referred me to a speech she'd delivered on June 21. In it, she pleaded for Californians to "move beyond the death penalty" as a major issue. Fat chance.

Brown's problem is that the second biggest issue in California, immigration, doesn't help her either. Wilson is sure to push this hot button. He's gained a national reputation as the scourge of illegal immigration. His new budget counts $3 billion in revenues that he claims the federal government owes the state for public services for aliens. Moreover, the issue is crime-related. Bono, among others, treats it that way. "It's illegal," he says. "Enforce the law." Wilson has all but endorsed Prop 187, which would bar all public services except emergency medical care to illegal immigrants. Brown is vehe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mently opposed. "It's one of the most pernicious public initiatives in memory," she says. But chances are, it's going to pass. Prop 187 is a double whammy for Brown. Immigration is Wilson's issue and, worse, it's bound to drive up turnout by white conservative voters.

Brown's turf is the economy. Unemployment in California has risen from 7 percent to 9 percent since Wilson took office. Los Angeles alone lost 450,000 jobs. Brown's T.V. ads, mostly negative, blame Wilson. And she has a credible program of tax cuts and spending to stir business growth. In the end, Brown believes, the bad economy will assert itself as the paramount issue. Perhaps, perhaps not. Wilson's internal polls show that the voters blame the national recession and defense cutbacks for California's trouble, not him. To beat Wilson, Brown needs to get her image focused. She often sounds like a New Democrat, talking up "responsibility." But author Joel Kotkin, a New Democrat who informally advised Brown, quit her campaign in May after she embraced what he called old-fashioned liberal economics, "a big-labor-oriented perspective." Brown's campaign slogans reflect her lack of clear focus. She's had four. First was "America's best treasurer to revive America's worst economy." Then came "One million new jobs for California." (She dropped this after learning economists were predicting 1.2 million in new jobs, no matter who wins.) Third was "Restore the California promise." The current slogan is "Restore the promise for California families." I think she'd better try again.

The candidate who's gone with the flow in California is Feinstein, who won a landslide election in 1992. When she was running for governor against Wilson in 1990, she endorsed Big Green, the sweeping environmental initiative. This year, she's backed by the California Farm Bureau, the chief foe of Big Green. Along with the political climate, Feinstein has moved rightward. In June, she jettisoned the Clinton health care plan, which she'd co-sponsored. "It would have caused some job loss in California," says Kam Kuwata, her campaign manager. In her T.V. ads, Feinstein concentrates on anti-crime measures, curbs on illegal immigration (she doesn't endorse Prop 187, but she doesn't critize it either), the death penalty, the balanced budget amendment, deficit reduction and the ban on assault weapons, which she authored. Sound like another candidate? That's right—Wilson. A Los Angeles reporter, Dave Bryan of KCAL-TV, noted the striking similarity of their television ads on immigration. "So similar are the commercials ... that you could take the sound from one candidate and pictures from the other and they would match up just fine." So Bryan did just that. You couldn't tell the difference.

Despite her repositioning, Feinstein, 61, is in trouble. She blundered in choosing to run in 1992 for the two-year seat once held by Wilson, instead of the six-year seat being vacated by Alan Cranston (Barbara Boxer won that seat). It was, Feinstein concedes, a "flawed strategy." The theory was that she would face an easy primary and re-election in 1994 rather than a contested primary and tough re-election in 1998. "Feinstein was so popular she could have beaten anybody in the primary, anybody in the general," says Kuwata. She didn't anticipate a moneybags like Huffington, 46, leaping into the race. "Unless you're willing to spend your own funds, you couldn't compete against her," says Huffington. He's willing. His money comes from the family natural gas business in Texas. He decided to challenge Feinstein seven months into his lone House term. Not only has his media campaign brought him even with the senator, it's been blamed by Clinton for causing the president's tumble in the state. Californians, Clinton said at a White House reception on July 28, "are reacting to all that disinformation the Huffington campaign has put [in] millions and millions and millions of dollars [worth of] television ads."

Huffington, in fact, has three campaigns. There's his personal campaign. Consulting no one, he showed up at a Washington, D.C., fund-raiser for Feinstein on July 18 to confront the senator over the event's invitation, which said he "represents everything that is antithetical to us as women and as Jews." Huffington said he'd been slurred as anti-Semitic and demanded an apology. Feinstein didn't offer one, but Huffington had lured a T.V. crew from a Los Angeles station and a few reporters to record the confrontation. It got big play. Huffington's wife, Arianna, author of *The Fourth Instinct*, a book about spirituality, is architect of the second campaign. She was behind the creation of two unusual T.V. ads—one lauding Bill Bennett's *Book of Virtues*, the other calling for a new wave of charitable giving and volunteerism to replace the welfare system. The third campaign is more effective. Huffington has hired top-flight advisers—media consultant Larry McCarthy, political consultant Ed Rollins, pollster Richard Wirthlin, strategist Ken Khachigian—and they produced a punchy T.V. spot blaming Feinstein for casting the critical vote to raise taxes last year. It drove down Feinstein's support instantly. But Huffington—economically conservative, socially liberal—must still sell himself, a harder task.

Years from now, the 1994 election in California may be remembered not for a Huffington win, but for an event of seemingly small significance: the emergence of Sonny Bono. He's a celebrity, a liberal-turned-conservative, a gregarious pol. After clashing with meddlesome Palm Springs bureaucrats over a restaurant sign he wanted to put up, he was elected mayor in 1988. His Senate race in 1992 was, by his own admission, "a big laugh for everyone." He was nonplussed by a debate question about regulation of breast implants. "I swore I'd never get in that position again," Bono says. "I studied incredibly." He gained a wise mentor, Bruce Herschensohn, who'd beaten him for the GOP Senate nomination. Bono, 59, is conservative on everything but lifestyle issues. "What people do [privately] is their business and not mine," he says.

Bono is no Reagan. Yet he has big plans. If elected to the House this fall, he intends to run for the Senate in 1998. Senator Bono? In California these days, I wouldn't rule it out. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Dishing It Out

I went to see **True Lies** (20th Century Fox) because of the Arab protests against the portrayal of Arabs as terrorist enemies of the United States. They certainly are so portrayed. Never linked to a particular country, they are engaged in a *jihad* to destroy U.S. cities one by one—with Soviet-made missiles—unless U.S. troops are withdrawn from the Persian Gulf region. I couldn't see that these Arabs were handled any more outrageously than the Russian and Asian terrorists in all the many comparable previous pictures. Then and now the facts of the day were used for melodramatic extension. Besides, the usual safeguard obtains. In domestic films, whenever criminals are black or Latino, some of the cops are too. Here, one of the U.S. secret agents is distinctly Arab-looking.

True Lies turns out to have other points of interest. First, and I think this is the first time, Arnold Schwarzenegger has been given James Bond characteristics: suavity and erudition. He dances the tango well; he speaks several languages fluently, including Arabic; he can identify Persian antiquities. The resultant sheen makes his multiple killings slide off him all the more easily.

But nobody ever really gets killed in one of these films, chiefly because the hero never gets hurt. Machine guns spray bullets all around him while he just picks off his assailants with a pistol. If he can't be killed, how can they be? They just grasp their bellies and fall down when he shoots. It's not a violent film, really, it's a romance—technologically updated.

Robin Hood used bow and broadsword: Did anyone ever call him violent? Endless Western heroes used six-shooters. Did anyone—at least until *The Wild Bunch*—think those Westerns much more than mutually agreed-on charades? Obviously there is plenty of shocking violence on screen these days, but those films and the *True Lies* breed are sheer escape, and a basic part of the escape is from death. No matter how inflicted, by arrow or automatic, it is never real. *That's* escape. We sense more reality in the single death in *Four Weddings and a Funeral* than in all the gut-grabbing of *True Lies*.

There's more. Just when we've settled back serenely feeling superior to the film, watching the audience enjoy its modernized mythologies, *True Lies* jars us. Schwarzenegger plays a U.S. super-secret agent, Washington-based, whose wife and child don't know his job: they think he's some sort of traveling salesman. He discovers that his wife, Jamie Lee Curtis, whom he often has to leave for long stretches, is seeing another man. We learn that this man—actually a used-car salesman—is getting Curtis's attention and sympathy by pretending to be a U.S. secret agent, who depends on her help in tight situations. In short, this would-be seducer is pretending to be exactly the sort of man she doesn't know her husband is.

The director James Cameron wrote the screenplay and derived it from a French comedy called *La Totale*, which I don't know, but I'd bet that this "doubling" wrinkle comes from the French original. As the double-stranded plot slides forward, the picture takes on another dimension. It becomes a crystalline instance of postmodernism.

Those postmodernists who write on film posit self-reference and parody as hallmarks of the school. For example, the critic Linda Hutcheon says that postmodernist film "at once exploits and subverts that which went before.... Parody is a particularly apt representational strategy for postmodernism." Here is a film that carries within itself not only the parody but the very material it exploits and subverts.

How much more skeptical and ironic can a film be? How much more assurance do we need that when, for instance, Schwarzenegger rescues his daughter from a high girder with a U.S. Marine airplane he has commandeered, everyone involved knows we're seeing unbelievable action consciously cartooned? What they're doing, in this film anyway, is commenting on what they're doing. Postmodernism may ultimately dwindle as an aesthetics, but it surely has some use as a stance.

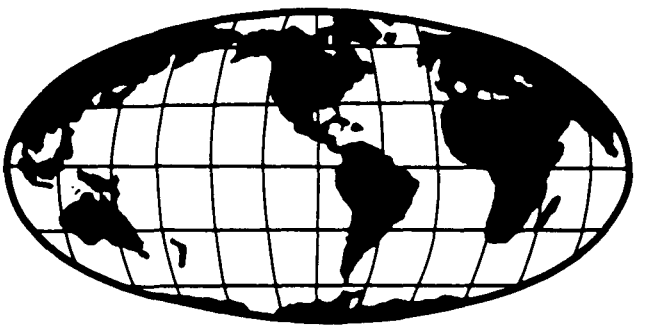
The only element in the film that truly disturbs has nothing to do with action or its parody. Because of Curtis's tangle with the phony secret agent, she finds herself forced to play a hooker who goes to a hotel room and does a strip act for a customer who sits in the shadows. The customer (I won't explain all this) is actually her husband, who has had help from his friends in setting up this gag to embarrass his wife. When she finds out about the trick, she forgives him—then or shortly

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Barcelona. *Bright writing and directing by Whit Stillman. Realities of non-American life impinge amusingly, poignantly on two post-preppies abroad. (Reviewed 8/15/94)* **François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits.** *If you've ever warmed to a Truffaut film, you'll be glad of this documentary. Family, friends, colleagues provide insights and affection. (8/8/94)* **Spanking the Monkey.** *Excellently deceptive. A story of a restless college student on vacation deepens darkly. David O. Russell's debut film, very welcome. (8/1/94)* **The Wedding Gift.** *A tear-jerker—and more: because of exceptional acting, writing, directing. Julie Walters and Jim Broadbent are a middle-aged English couple. She gets a mysterious ailment, and they decide to handle it as breezily as possible. (8/22&29/94)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TUNE IN TO THE WORLD



WATCH

THE EDITORS, WORLD IN REVIEW, LITERATTI, MEDIA WATCH AND THIS WEEK IN CANADA

On your local PBS and CBC Stations
(Check local listings)

Produced by World Affairs Television

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after. Amidst the torrent of pyrotechnics and wild slayings, I found this forgiveness the hardest thing to believe.

Eat Drink Man Woman (Samuel Goldwyn) is a Taiwanese film written by Ang Lee, Hui Ling Wang and James Schamus and is directed by Lee. Lee's previous film, *The Wedding Banquet*, about a gay Taiwanese man living with a gay American in New York, was fairly excruciating. The banquet of the title was what the film moved toward; his new picture is (like *Babette's Feast*) more completely centered on food. *Eat Drink Man Woman* is smaller than it promises to be, but it's quite enjoyable.

The title expresses the idea that food and drink and sex are the essentials of life. No argument so far. The main character is a master chef in Taipei, played by Sihung Lung, who was the gay's father in *The Wedding Banquet* (and who suggests an Asian Ronald Colman). Here he has three grown daughters. He is the emperor of a huge hotel kitchen, and every Sunday he prepares an immense dinner at home for his children, a feast that makes us want to leap into the screen like Buster Keaton in *Sherlock Junior*. But the daughters look on it as an ordeal they must endure for the sake of their widowed father.

Each of the daughters has a problem. One, a teacher, is still not over a heartbreak of ten years before. One is a high-powered, computer-driven airline executive who has a tough choice to make. The third, the youngest, is a student who yearns for her girlfriend's boyfriend. Their problems get worked out or on. The father's problems are solved, too. Among them are a woman with a small daughter who is divorcing her husband and the woman's mother, who has just returned from America, which she disliked. (For one thing, they don't speak Chinese there.)

All the stories of all these characters are basically commonplace in themselves. What holds us is the quality of Jong Lin's camerawork, which makes every shot pleasant; the quality of the acting, which is always neatly turned; and the food.

In the course (courses?) of the film, more than 100 dishes are prepared, some of them in some detail. (Are those really Sihung Lung's hands that we see working in close-up? Whosever they are, what dexterity!) The preparation of these dishes, their wonderful appearance, their almost tasteable succulence are the film's true base and being. The stories, the hassle and hustle of the characters' troubles, are just garnish around the dishes. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

An American Life

Helen Epstein's compendious new biography **Joe Papp** (Little, Brown, 554 pp., $24.95) is subtitled "An American Life." That seems a cogent way to characterize the sweep of this theater impresario's development, even though Papp's America was invariably seen through New York spectacles. Joe Papp was a quintessential municipal figure with a quintessentially metropolitan vision. Whatever his other triumphs, his most heroic achievement, indeed his unwavering goal, was to bring free Shakespeare to a diversified New York audience. Still, it is not amiss to use the word "American" in regard to this Brooklyn-born child of immigrant Jewish parents. Papp's Americanness helps us understand what was so impressive about his career—and may explain, if not entirely purify, the blemishes on his life.

During the seventy years of this life Papp participated in many of the characteristic events of the American century, from naval service in World War II to a twenty-year membership in the Communist Party to appearing before the House Un-American Activities Committee, where he took the Fifth Amendment (costing him his job as stage manager at CBS), to demonstrating for peace in Vietnam (and getting arrested in Washington) to challenging the NEA over creative freedom (making him reject a sizable federal grant rather than endorse the obscenity clause). Papp was nothing if not a public figure, and the positions he took on the various fractious issues of our time were always brave, and often, if not always, correct.

But more notable than his political postures were his cultural contributions: he built a major producing organization from scratch and made his name synonymous with postwar American theater. After three and a half years with the left-wing Actors Lab in California, where he developed his notion of "art for the people" as opposed to "art for art's sake," Papp returned to New York in 1951 to lay the foundations for two major popular institutions, the New York Shakespeare Festival and the New York Public Theater. Perhaps the most compelling sections in this rigorously researched book are Epstein's retellings of Papp's journeys from a little church on the lower East Side to an East River amphitheater, to winter quarters at the Heckscher on Fifth Avenue and—after emerging victorious from an epic struggle with the imperious parks commissioner, Robert Moses—into permanent quarters at the Delacorte near the Belvedere Tower in Central Park. Papp's combative nature was always fired up by controversy, and he had the good fortune to pursue a profession that is always embattled. The same obstinacy and persistence that forced CBS to reinstate him in the job he lost through HUAC compelled Papp to resist strong pressures (from Moses and Walter Kerr, among others) to charge admission to Shakespeare in the Park.

Like Ibsen's Solness, Papp was driven to attempt the impossible. And, impossibly, he persuaded the city of New York to purchase the Astor Library as the home of the New York Public Theater. It was there on Lafayette Street that Papp nourished a host of brilliant playwrights, directors, actors and designers, all of them collaborating in hundreds of adventurous productions (*A Chorus Line* being only the most lucrative). Papp even devoted three years to supervising the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center until he decided that running a cultural center was not only violating his populist aesthetic but depleting his capital.

The story of Papp's professional donnybrooks is familiar enough from media accounts and from Stuart Little's 1974 biography *Enter Joe Papp*. What Epstein adds, after a process of arduous investigation and countless interviews, is a wealth of new detail about Papp's early struggles and later achievements, and, more disturbingly, about his personal relationships. For behind the famous public figure lay the shadow of a considerably more hidden private man, whose story, as Epstein tells it with utter frankness but obvious discomfort (she is a family friend), is not always pretty. Yeats believed that one must choose between perfection of the life or of the work. Papp made his choice early, and the result was a distinguished career but a less than distinguished personal life. Born Yussel Papirofsky, he concealed his Jewishness until 1962, even from close Jewish friends and one of his wives, claiming a Polish Christian father and a British

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother who served tea every afternoon. Lacking a college education, he pretended for a time to be a graduate of Columbia (later he would scorn all university-trained intellectuals). Until his marriage to Gail Merrifield (his fourth wife), he was a philandering husband who underwent therapy to curb his womanizing. He was always an indifferent father. Of his five children (one of whom he did not meet until she was 35), he only saw his son Tony on a regular basis and then only when he was 29 and dying of AIDS. And his relations with colleagues at the theater revealed a pattern not only of generosity and reinforcement but also of imperiousness, dogmatism and credit-stealing.

As the years passed, Papp's rule over the Festival grew increasingly despotic and self-important, and his growing refusal to brook dissent made him eventually part company with virtually all his trusted advisers. He fired his associate producer, Bernard Gersten, a close friend since the Actors Lab days, because Gersten wanted to produce on Broadway a Michael Bennett musical that Papp had rejected for the Festival. (Papp refused to reconcile with Gersten until he was near death.) He sacked Merle Debuskey, his press agent of thirty years, in an economy measure designed to save an $18,000 fee. To fill Gersten's job, he passed over Robert Kamlot, his longtime general manager, in favor of the brash and unlikable Jason Steven Cohen (Kamlot thereupon resigned). A long parade of directors—Stuart Vaughan, Gerald Freedman, Ted Cornell, Jeff Bleckner and others—also failed the Papp test, sometimes abruptly removed from productions, sometimes banished from the Festival for reasons they couldn't comprehend. Papp valued loyalty above all human qualities, but his own commitment to friends and associates was often based on what Debuskey bitterly called "an unqualified adoration of the producer."

As a result, the admiring memorials and flattering obituaries following his death were mixed with asides of an entirely different nature. The playwright David Rabe, with whom Papp had had a complicated filial relationship, spoke of his "powerful artistic, human side" mixed with "a tremendous ambition and desire for power and control." Gersten, diagnosing Papp as suffering from "anhedonia," an inability to enjoy pleasure, spoke of his "inflated ego, encouraged by sycophants." Vaughan, his first artistic director, dismissed Papp as "just one more fast-talking con man who latched onto the nonprofit structure." ("Arrogant and anti-intellectually autodidact," Vaughan erupted in an interview after his death, "have done with you.")

Such angry and insulting characterizations as Vaughan's need to be regarded with a certain skepticism. Anyone so powerful as Papp is bound to attract resentment from those he has offended or ignored, and anyone so populist in his taste is bound to be trashed by critics like John Simon. (Deriding Papp's "vulgar, nouveau riche" sensibility, Simon sniffed, "Joe came out of the gutter and had a gutter mentality.") One is tempted to dismiss remarks like these as the screech of sweating eunuchs staring on Don Juan's sinewy thigh. Still, Epstein has documented a number of instances when Papp could properly be spanked for bad conduct. It is one thing to dispute a critic's dismissive treatment of a play (I can hardly fault him for this myself). It is quite another to shout at Clive Barnes over the telephone (after the critic called Rabe's *Boom Boom Room* "chic filth"): "Listen, Clive, you're trying to fuck me up the ass and I'm going to fuck you up the ass. You're trying to kill me and I'm going to kill you. You son of a bitch. You cunt. I'm gonna get you fired." Papp's relationship with the media exposed him at his most brazen and his most craven. He claimed to be struggling "with the monopoly that is *The New York Times*" and once banned Walter Kerr from his theater. But he also cozied up to *Times* editors and reviewers (including his enemies, Barnes and

An urgent look at the world's growing population

Critical Masses

The Global Population Challenge

George D. Moffett

The world population will reach 6 billion by the turn of the century. At current growth rates it will *double* in just 40 years. And most of this growth will occur in areas least equipped to handle its demands.

Now a seasoned journalist and scholar provides a balanced look at the global dangers posed by this population increase, examines the steps that have been taken to cope with it, and offers his own compassionate formula for slowing human growth. A riveting history, survey, and guide for policymakers, *Critical Masses* is most importantly a call to arms for the U.S. and the international community to rally to meet the global population challenge.

AT BOOKSTORES NOW FROM VIKING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kerr) and, through his close relationship with Arthur Gelb, always maintained access to the *Times*'s cultural pages, which often printed his story ideas as well as his replies to negative reviews.

Epstein mentions an old article of mine about Papp in which I said "who the media would destroy they first make famous." Although Papp rejected the charge that high visibility was dangerous for his health, there is little doubt that his later years were plagued by media backlash. *New York* magazine noted that it had become "very hip to knock Papp." When he created the Shakespeare Marathon, he became prey to every young gunslinger in the West. Chief among these was Frank Rich, who regarded Papp (along with everyone else over 35) as "out of another era." In a *Times* column in 1989, Rich, who had repeatedly panned Papp's Shakespeare productions, attacked the whole idea of the Marathon, calling it the work of "a shrewd impresario" engaged in "promotional expediency." This "snide" article, according to Epstein, angered Papp "more than any single piece of writing had for years." It made him sit down and write a point-by-point rebuttal, chiding Rich for his ignorance of the creative process. Touchingly, Papp later called Rich to commiserate about his mother's death. Papp was dying himself and the two men had a highly emotional conversation.

It was, in fact, when he was facing death that Joe Papp seemed at his most appealing and most poignant. His bond with Gail Merrifield—always deeply dependent—grew stronger than ever, and his devotion to Tony partially redeemed his parental indifference. Papp, whose compassion for minorities didn't always extend to gays, at first denied Tony's homosexuality, then blamed himself for it. Exhausted as he was from battling advanced prostate cancer, he nursed Tony in his house after his son had grown blind. Tony later died in a hospital after Papp, unable even to care for himself any longer, had moved into Gersten's Manhattan house. "Oh my son," he cried, having suffered the ultimate tragedy of a parent. Five months later he too was dying. He had finally met a challenge he couldn't conquer ("I don't know how to do this. I don't know how to die"). An hour before his death, his mind was still "teeming with ideas."

"What is consistent in my work," Papp once told an interviewer, "is that I have always wanted to provide access to the best human endeavor to the greatest number of people." Papp's emphasis on "the best human endeavor" distinguished him from today's diversity ideologists and their indifference to quality, just as his concern for "the greatest number" revealed his warm democratic ideals. He compared his idea of theater to the New York Public Library in that it was free and open to people of all races and classes.

Papp's politics were best realized through culture, where he was among the first to demand that the actors on the stage have the same kind of faces as those in the audience (what today is called "nontraditional casting"). From the evidence of Epstein's book, Papp was often a cold and unapproachable man, but he was brimming with civic virtues and an unflagging belief in the responsibility of municipal, state and federal agencies to support the arts. Ultimately, and ironically, his major funding source turned out to be a capitalist investment, namely *A Chorus Line*, which brought $40 million to the Festival by charging top dollar in a Broadway theater—playing not to multicultural urban audiences but to expense account executives from out of town. Yet he never lost his faith in an affordable theater for the masses. His success in building that theater, against impossible odds, remains his greatest legacy. That achievement will continue to be celebrated, long after the stains on his character have faded from memory. •

The Care of the Soul

BY PETER GREEN

The Therapy of Desire: Theory and Practice in Hellenistic Ethics by Martha C. Nussbaum

(Princeton University Press, 558 pp., $29.95)

My old friend Anthony Burgess, a canny Catholic and one of the sharpest moral dialecticians ever to grace a saloon, used to argue that the Western world moved in cycles, liberal and puritan, which he labeled Pelphase and Gusphase, after their respective theological patrons, Pelagius and Augustine. It has seemed to me for some time now that the United States is well into a new Gusphase, something not fully appreciated by the perennially Pelagian media. The recent strides of the religious right, including such low moments as the Falwell tapes and the Oliver North candidacy, have not happened in a vacuum. The broth is cooking nicely. Less coarsely, the country is waking up to a still rather dozy and elementary interest in ethics. Michael Fay gets his buttocks scarred by four slashes from a wet rattan cane and property owners everywhere howl approval. William Bennett puts together an anthology of Victorian copybook maxims and just-so snippets, calls it *The Book of Virtues: A Treasury of Great Moral Stories*, and sells about a million copies.

I was more than a little intrigued, in such an environment, when confronted with *The Therapy of Desire: Theory and Practice in Hellenistic Ethics*. The title of Martha C. Nussbaum's book, ambiguous though it was (desire *as* therapy? therapy *for* desire?), looked as though she might be opening up an area of investigation that—as I'd found in my own researches—bore an unsettling resemblance to our own problems, weaknesses and preoccupations. In particular, the popularity of Stoicism struck me then, and strikes me now, as decidedly suspect. In ethical terms, too much of the Stoic teaching seemed to consist in this: if you were a have-not, you were taught to reconcile your lot with the idea of a benign but immutable authority; and if you were a have, you were encouraged to formulate moral principles that would let you enjoy power and wealth while paying lip-service to virtue. In this way Stoicism proved a godsend to ambitious Roman politicians—Seneca was a particularly egregious example—who had their political cake and ate the moral icing, too. In the end, the unchanging Stoic cosmos became, to all intents and purposes, identified with the Roman Empire.

In a rather different way, Epicureanism was, and is, equally unsettling. What we see here is an early version of the commune, an ideological or religious group that rejects, while still battening off, society at large. Its adherents conceived of the world as atoms and void, had no belief in an afterlife (hence those shrill reassurances about death)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and pursued pleasure primarily through the avoidance of pain. Like so much in the Hellenistic age, this phenomenon has worrisome parallels in the modern world, from wild financial scams (the Bhagwan's Rolls-Royces, Jim Bakker's misapplied millions) to pathological authoritarianism (Jonestown, Waco). "Act always," Epicurus instructed his followers, "as though Epicurus is watching": it has a Big Brotherish flavor. Epicureanism has been described as "the only missionary philosophy produced by the Greeks," and with its rules, its dogma, its Forty Principal Doctrines, its Pauline-style letters, its feasts in memory of the Savior-Founder, one can see why. *Lathe biosas*, or live unnoticed, was the key slogan, and with the ample contributions of well-heeled supporters this was not too difficult. There is no record of anyone in the community actually working, and theories about the Garden—Epicurus's house and property in Athens used as the residence of the commune—being a retreat for have-nots are seriously misleading.

One thing that Stoicism and Epicureanism—and just about all Hellenistic philosophies—had in common was their primary, declared goal: the abolition of pain, worry or (as we would say) stress. This abolition was accomplished in negative form. The word for it was *ataraxia*, or the absence of worry, the initial *a-* being a privative particle, which attached itself to various other subsidiary ideals (*aponia*, or the absence of toil; *alypia*, or the absence of grief). Politically and socially, what does such an ideal say to us? That the world is a horrible place. That involvement in public affairs is useless. And so turn inward, if you have the income, and cultivate your soul or your garden. Since you cannot change this post-Alexandrine mess of impotent city-states, giant bureaucratic kingdoms and creeping megalopolis you must learn to adapt, work microcosmically, study to heal your soul. The malaise seems to have been ubiquitous. Epicurus's obsession with the idea of pleasure as relief from pain may have been dictated in part by his gastroenteric disorders, but it was also symptomatic of his age: like most philosophies, Epicureanism was in the first instance a by-product of social forces rather than itself a force for social change.

It is this therapeutic aim of Hellenistic ethics, this desire to relieve humanity's suffering, that Nussbaum sets out to analyze. At first sight, her book conveys some worrisome impressions. For a start, there is the image on the dust jacket. It is a fine photograph of boulders and trees—the latter both living (richly green) and dead (bare-bones white)—against a blue sky. Very nice, but what's the relevance? "A depiction," we are told, "of some of the Senecan imagery of the Stoic world and Medea's 'countercosmos.'" Say what? In her acknowledgments, Nussbaum glosses this as:

> the contrast between a pure white that is linked with death and a green that grows up darkly indefatigably behind it; between clean straight lines and messier shapes of life; between the unsullied blue sky and the strange hot light that cuts straight through both sky and tree, a light coming, as it were, from Medea's countercosmos, set over against the world of Stoic virtue.

Such posturing imagism is neither philosophically sound nor poetically valid: the only proper place for it is Pseud's Corner in *Private Eye*. Further investigation leads us to an overheated meditation on Seneca's *Medea* titled "Serpents in the Soul," at the climax (oh yes) of which

> the serpent Jason, twining in ecstasy around his partner, moves himself, winged, reborn, beyond the gods, beyond the Stoic universe in which gods dwell everywhere. Deep in the cosmos ... there now appears a flickering hot light, an irregular, snaking motion. We are witnessing a triumph. It is the triumph of love.

It is? Even Seneca, whose perfervid imagination fueled some of the most

"brilliant"

Arthur R. Jensen,
University of California, Berkeley

"[a] storehouse of well-integrated information"
Hans J. Eysenck, University of London

"major synthesis of social science and evolutionary theory"
Richard Lynn, University of Ulster

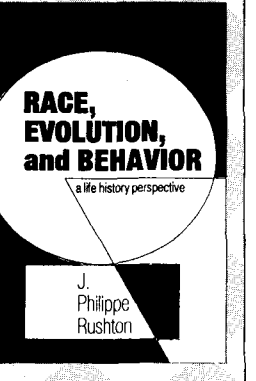
"bold hypothesis"
Thomas J. Bouchard,
University of Minnesota

"brilliant synthesis"
Barry R. Gross, City University of New York

"has the simplicity and explanatory power that indicate truth"
Michael Levin, City University of New York

"organizes well-established group differences into a meaningful pattern"
Robert A. Gordon,
The John Hopkins University

"explain[s] the distribution of poverty among nations"
Edward M. Miller,
University of New Orleans



Race, Evolution, and Behavior

J. Philippe Rushton

Why are the races different? How different are they? This book examines genetic theories to overturn the prevailing view that if all people were treated the same, most race differences would disappear. Rushton examines international data on over 60 variables, including brain size, intelligence, crime, and sexual behavior, and finds that Asians and Africans average at opposite ends of a continuum with Europeans intermediate.

ISBN: 1-56000-146-1(cloth); $34.95;
63 illustrations; 344pp.

Order from your bookstore or direct from the publisher.
Major credit cards accepted. Call (908) 932-2280.

Transaction Publishers
Department 94ARUS7
Rutgers—The State University
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

transaction

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lurid Jacobean fantasies, might have gagged on this essay in cosmic erotica. Add to this a chorus of rave blurbs from distinguished philosophers (who, let's face it, are not quite like the rest of us); epigraphs from Karl Marx telling us that "this world is the world of the head" and from Wallace Stevens philosophizing that "not to have is the beginning of desire"; plus a self-congratulatory note that the royalties are going to Amnesty International—and the temptation not to lay this book aside but to throw it with considerable force, as Dorothy Parker said, becomes almost irresistible. The temptation should be resisted. Despite her prolixity and her occasional preciousness, despite the sense that she is basically writing for a coterie of high-minded admirers and philosophy groupies, Nussbaum's long and complex book sets out to ask fundamental questions, and on that account alone it demands our serious attention.

Even so, we do have to work our way past some pretty off-putting remarks, not least Nussbaum's rather familiar motive—luckily there turn out to be others, too—for undertaking it: she wants to assuage her intellectual guilt at enjoying the leisured life not only by contributing to approved causes, such as AIDS action committees or Amnesty International, but also by using philosophy to ameliorate the lot of those less fortunate than herself. The spirit of her enterprise is, alas, too much like the spirit of her subjects: a considerable number of Stoic thinkers were themselves busy stroking the conscience in order to maintain an enjoyable status quo.

This may also help to explain why Nussbaum stretches the definition of "Hellenistic" to include the Romans Cicero, Lucretius and Seneca, as well as the medical theorist Sextus Empiricus of the second century A.D. The standard argument (employed in this book) is that these late or non-Greek authors form a crucial source for working out the thought of lost earlier thinkers, both Stoic and Epicurean. True enough; but the Greco-Roman era also happens to be much richer in persuasive reasons for not meddling with the divinely established order of things—something calculated to appeal to every liberal intellectual eager (like Seneca in antiquity) to embrace virtuous moral precepts without needing to suffer actual hardship.

We read a lot, in these ancient sources, about the proper definition of slavery, and the humane treatment of slaves; and yet we hear virtually no argument in favor of the abolition of slavery, least of all on moral grounds. Aristotle put the hard truth in a nutshell when he observed that only when tools were devised that could perform the same work without guidance would there be no need of slaves. In other words, it wasn't ethics, Stoic, Christian or any other, that led to the abolition of that disgusting institution but, quite simply, the Industrial Revolution and its development of efficient servo-mechanisms, which thus secured for intellectuals the luxury of a conscience.

Nussbaum is aware of these difficulties:

> Even among the Stoics, whose commitment to the intrinsic value of justice is plain, we hear less about how to alter the political fact of slavery than about how to be truly free within, even though one may be (politically) a slave; less about strategies for the removal of hunger and thirst than about the unimportance of these bodily goods in a wise life; less about how to modify existing class structures and the economic relations that (as Aristotle argued) explain them than about the wise person's indifference to such worldly distinctions.

She is also worried by the anti-social implications of *ataraxia*, by arguments that "do not so much show ways of removing injustice as teach the pupil to be indifferent to the injustice she suffers," by the soft-pedaling of material conditions and political change, by the lack of genuine social commitment. It is owing, perhaps, to her awareness of the essential complacency of many Hellenistic thinkers that she tends, I think, to overestimate such social ideas as they did promote; and this is doubly unfortunate, because most of those ideas enjoyed a decidedly chequered afterlife, being implemented, with a singular lack of imagination or humanity, by communist ideologues. It was no accident that Marx's doctoral dissertation was on Epicurus.

Nussbaum is a passionate idealist. What she cherishes is "the idea of universal respect for the dignity of humanity in each and every person, regardless of class, gender, race and nation." Whether that is also "an idea that has ever since been at the heart of all distinguished political thought in the Western tradition" remains debatable; it depends, I suppose, on what you mean by "distinguished." She claims, correctly, that it is Stoic in origin. The trouble is the company that this Stoic idea has kept from Zeno's day onward. It was an idea that sanctioned the abolition (fortunately not put into practice until after 1917) of just about everything that sustains Western society as we know it, from private property to the nuclear family, from religious faith to the currency. An authoritarian society run on the basis of intellectual abstractions is going to be not merely inefficient, but also frigid, and easy to murder in. I doubt that Zeno or Chrysippus or Epicurus ever dreamed of the holocaust that twentieth-century intellectuals in power would make of their theories. But that dark shadow lies across all their utterances for the modern reader, and no one—least of all Nussbaum, whose aims are educational as well as therapeutic—can afford to ignore it.

To sweeten the pill of philosophical exposition, Nussbaum has had the attractive idea of picking a known member of Epicurus's circle as her student for instruction, thus infusing a dialectical quality into each debatable proposition. Nobody, though, could say that her choice was not *parti pris*. Nussbaum has chosen Nikidion, "Little Victory" or "Victorietta," whom we know from an anti-Epicurean anecdote by a disgruntled ex-member of the commune. That renegade alleged, among other things, that Epicurus "consorted with" courtesans, and cites their nicknames: for example, Mammarion, or "Big Tits." Nikidion is on this list. Thus Nussbaum has it both ways. The lady is real (the anecdote comes from clearly authentic material preserved by Diogenes Laertius in his *Lives of the Philosophers*), while her alleged status can be dismissed as male slander: "We can see ... that the beginnings of female philosophizing went hand in hand with the beginning of sexist 'humor' about the character of the women concerned." I would not deny for one moment that some women philosophers have had a tough time of it—think of Hypatia, torn limb from limb by a pack of hysterical monks—but somehow I scent a whiff of excessive *ad feminam* protest here.

Still, the moment Nussbaum really gets down to arguing her case, all such complaints vanish. Intellectual penetration is matched by orderly deployment of ideas, crystalline clarity of thought and a style that remains splendidly uncontaminated by modern philosophical jargon. Moreover, she has latched on to an extraordinarily pervasive idea. Epicurus is her star witness: "Just as there is no use in a medical art that does not cast out the sickness of bodies, so too there is no use in philosophy, unless it casts out the suffering of the soul." (Nussbaum does all her own translations, which are accurate and non-tendentious, quite an achievement in this area.) And Chrysippus, a Stoic, is equally emphatic: there is a therapeutic for the soul as well as the body, which is by no means inferior to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medicine. This therapeutic, as Cicero spelled out, is philosophy.

Even the Skeptics hoped to "heal by argument." The therapeutic image had already been used by Socrates, who thought of himself as a midwife to the soul, and by Plato, who similarly nursed hopes of healing the sick body politic. In the therapeutic notion of philosophy, there is something for everybody. About the only people not to get in on the act were the Cynics, a counterculture group hooked on anarchic exhibitionism and panhandling. Nussbaum gives up on them, and small wonder.

For every philosophical sect, as Nussbaum emphasizes, "the medical analogy is not simply a decorative metaphor; it is an important tool both of discovery and of justification." Rival theorists competed for attention in the same way their medical exemplars did; and anyone who has studied the extraordinary history of the ancient medical schools—Dogmatists, Empiricists, Methodists and Pneumatists, roughly corresponding in theory to Stoics, Epicureans, Skeptics and Eclectics—will know just how tangled and complex a skein Nussbaum has set out to unravel. Since all medical practice had a sizable psychosomatic component, it is often hard to tell where metaphor ends and medical research begins. A surprising amount of Nussbaum's ancient philosophical evidence reads like modern psychiatry. It, too, is driven by the urgency of human suffering, and its goal, too, is *eudaimonia*, which Nussbaum nicely translates as "human flourishing" rather than "happiness."

This much, at least, all could (and still can) agree on. There was also a fair consensus that logical reasoning without human compassion, academic and non-affective ratiocination, was inadequate for the job. Criticizing the Stoa (Plato and his followers would have been a better target), Cicero wrote in *De Finibus* that such "narrow little syllogistic arguments prick their hearers like pins. Even if they assent intellectually, they are in no way changed in their hearts." The problem is fundamental, and it haunts us still.

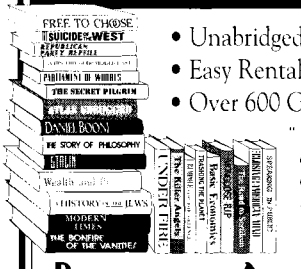
What we may call the Platonic vision sees ethical norms as absolute, as existing "quite independently of human beings, human ways of life, human desires," as simply *there*, perfect and unattainable. Nussbaum reminds us that two versions of this model are still in vogue: one scientific, one religious. Popular belief (undermined to some extent, as she concedes, by recent philosophers of science) sees the scientific study of nature as objective and "pure," uncontaminated by background interests or cultural prejudice. More pervasive is the Augustinian version of Christian ethics (Gusphase again!), according to which God established absolute moral values independently of the human ability to live up to them: "Truth and God's grace are out there; but the ability to see ethical truth or to reach for grace is not something we can control." In Nussbaum's account, it is the despair engendered by such absolutism that therapeutic thinking, armed with the medical analogy, set out to subvert. Her book examines the philosophical underpinning of this endeavor, charts its various and sometimes conflicting courses and tries to assess their value. She scores a really remarkable success with the first two of these aims. As for the value of the therapeutic notion of philosophy, I'm not so sure. Did it really work?

Here, ironically, it is the medical analogy itself that gives warning. To begin with, a great deal of the therapeutic theory of medicine was based on elaborate nonsense, and we must ask ourselves whether the psychological patterns that Nussbaum extrapolates are much better. The rationalists who exploded superstitious beliefs concerning epilepsy, the "Sacred Disease," spoiled the effect by explaining it as the descent of phlegm from the brain. The influential but entirely imaginary doctrine of the Four Humors (it is not in Nussbaum's index) postulated four cardinal fluids, based on the four elements of matter, as constituents of the human body: blood, phlegm, yellow bile, black bile. One's health depended on their correct balance. Since each represented a psychological type (sanguine, phlegmatic, bilious, melancholic), such considerations were also bound to influence the "therapeutic of the soul."

Moreover, since many Hellenistic philosophers, Stoics in particular, saw a direct and immutable link between the movement of the heavens and all human activity, between macrocosm and microcosm, the regularity of the former was held to imply equal regularity in the latter. Hence fatalism, and the flourishing trade in astrology, and the tendency to regard existing political institutions as permanent and unchangeable. Hence, too, the preoccupation with the status quo that bothers Nussbaum. If you can't change society, then you have to learn to live with it, cultivating your inner resources. Too much therapeutic advice from the major Hellenistic schools amounts to an instruction to withdraw from the world and go inward. Possessions, wealth, status, ambition are all not important: in his soul (even in her soul) the slave can be free. It seems safe to say that such a doctrine would furnish more peace of mind for the slave-owner than for the slave. The power of this attitude can be gauged from the fact that the terms, in Greek and Latin, for making a revolution (*neoterizein, res nouare*) carry the simple literal sense of doing something new, of making a change.

Thus there lurks, behind Nussbaum's elaborate, learned and brilliant exegesis, a socially uncomfortable shadow, which she never quite succeeds in banishing, despite her acknowledgment of the importance of historical context. Is it too cynical to point out that in 70 B.C., when both Cicero and Lucretius were toying with the idea of what Nussbaum calls "the creation of a therapeutic community, a society set over against the existing society, with different norms and different priorities," Crassus was busy crucifying some 20,000 rebel slaves along the highway between Capua and Rome for the heinous crime of having tried to put such an alternative society into practice?

AUDIO BOOKS



• Unabridged Recordings
• Easy Rentals by Mail
• Over 600 Great Titles

"I go through a book a week using time otherwise wasted in taxis, shaving or walking"
—George F. Will

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NE • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

HOME STUDY COURSE
in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials.
Write Henry George Institute. 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 64 pgs, 500 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

GOOD VIBRATIONS
Friendly, informative catalogs of sex toys, books & videos. $4, applied toward first order.
1210 Valencia #NR,
San Francisco, CA 94110

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, these thinkers have a normative sense of health. Yes, they aim at individual amelioration. Yes, they rigorously scrutinize emotions. Yes, there is a sense in which they show commitment to action—though too often, as Nussbaum knows, this manifests itself in a concern with "correct beliefs and desires," something we are experiencing once again today and as a mixed blessing. Yes, they seem to be probing the notion of the unconscious. And yet (this was a problem much discussed by Hellenistic philosophers), it often happened that the philosopher worked out a nice general theory of human spiritual ailments, yet somehow failed to cure most of the individuals on whom he had based it. This (as Nussbaum, again, concedes) was regularly blamed on obstinate patients failing to see the error of their ways.

The uncomfortable similarities between the Hellenistic world and our world should not blind us to their more profound differences, especially since the latter to a very great extent dictated the form that philosophical therapy took. From Plato's Athens to the final convulsive decades of the Roman Republic, civil and interstate warfare—and their antisocial concomitants, brigandage and piracy—increasingly became the norm rather than the exception. Cicero wrote his philosophical works in retreat from that endemic conflict, and lost his life when he returned to it. Lucretius's great poem reveals the traumatized psyche of one who had witnessed the ravages of too many murderous private armies at close quarters. Even Plato's Theory of Ideas (if we can trust the famous Seventh Letter) seems to have been conceived as a desperate response to the horrors of democrats and oligarchs at each other's throats. Somewhere above the diurnal struggle, absolute truth and goodness had to reside.

For the modern student, however, a distasteful and ubiquitous class prejudice runs through all the surviving literature. The indifference to the lower orders, and the contempt for them, is all-pervasive. It is summed up in the dismissive epithet *banausic*: anything to do with artisans' work or manual labor, hence base, common, vulgar. Intellectual activity was hierarchical to such a degree that Archimedes found even applied science beneath his dignity. The stony callousness that is the one real achievement of Flaubert's otherwise appalling historical novel *Salammbô* is owed to the fact that a minority elite in Greece and Rome effectively treated the rest of society as nonexistent, or as beasts of burden. The ideal of this elite was an inherited, or otherwise unearned, fortune. Work, especially work for others, was a social disgrace. The economic ideal was stability rather than growth. Therapy was for one's equals, for those with the leisure and the income to write, to read or otherwise to improve their minds.

There is also the problem—with which a real philosopher would have begun this review—of whether philosophy, even moral philosophy, has any business being in the therapy racket all; whether its object, far from understanding and ameliorating desires or fears, should not be rather to pursue truth, particularly in an age when deconstructionists and antifoundationalists and others are assuring us that truth does not exist. Back to Plato again. In this regard, the best thing about Nussbaum is her unusual blend of passionate attachment and obstinately open-minded skepticism. Her assessment of Stoic political thought is balanced and shrewd: she gives all credit to its far-reaching *humanitas* but scolds it severely for its dogmatic claim that inner well-being remains independent of material status, so that it ultimately makes no difference whether you're a free person or a slave.

Despite its great learning, *The Therapy of Desire* remains (like most of Nussbaum's work) an intensely personal book. I came to the conclusion that the problem of anger was her real subject, and her real motivation in investigating Hellenistic ethics, long before I found (on page 508!) a specific statement to this effect. In an earlier study, *The Fragility of Goodness*, Nussbaum had (as she says here) "portrayed the best human life as one that takes on the risk of loss and grief." She confesses—it is a most suggestive admission—that she had not yet got around to the idea "that the best life runs the risk of corrosive anger." Aeschylean *pathei mathos*, wisdom through suffering, seems to have been at work in the interval. Extirpation of the passions, anger included, was a cardinal proposition for Hellenistic thinkers. "A motivation for me in writing about them was to discover whether it was possible to accept their arguments about the elimination of anger, while still rejecting their more general attack on passions such as love, fear and grief."

As things turned out, it wasn't. Still, if ever the old adage about asking the right questions rather than finding the right answers was justified, it is in this personal search. By turns wise and witty, silly and Socratic, critical and compassionate, Nussbaum proves to be an extraordinarily addictive literary companion. She has illuminated my thinking on death; she has reminded me (perhaps not by intention) of how much I detest both Seneca and the Plato who in old age wrote *The Laws*; she has provided perceptive glosses on Wallace Stevens, one of my favorite poets; and she has triumphantly proved, if proof were needed, that the life of the mind can be one of the highest and most rewarding pursuits known to man, including woman. If Nikidion got one-tenth of the pummeling, excitement and stimulation in the Garden of Epicurus that Nussbaum provides, intellectually and emotionally, in this densely argued volume, I should be very much surprised. Nussbaum's faults are irritating, but they are superficial. This is a book to live with.

PETER GREEN is the author, among other books, of *Alexander to Actium: The Historical Evolution of the Hellenistic Age* (University of California Press).

Our Babies, Our Selves

BY JEROME KAGAN

Children First by Penelope Leach

(Knopf, 303 pp., $22)

Worry is so endemic to the human condition that most adults are eager for expert knowledge to help them cope with this disquieting state. Women in ancient Egypt and Greece used pomegranate rind in a vaginal suppository before they made love in order to reduce their anxiety over becoming pregnant. Middle-class Americans worry about their money, their health, their daily mood and—most intensely—their children. Given that a child's future economic and social position is often uncertain in modern industrialized nations, parents have plenty to feel anxious about. They look beyond themselves for wisdom to alleviate their doubts, and there are, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always, self-appointed experts prepared to tell them what to do.

Plato urged Athenian mothers to rock their infant sons to ready them for the Olympics; medieval clergy told European parents to prevent their infants from crawling; Montaigne advised French parents to restrain a natural impulse to spoil their children; Jacob Abbott warned American parents to restrict severely their children's playmates to protect them from learning bad habits. It is not clear how many parents actually followed the recommendations, usually offered dogmatically. Those who did follow them probably inflicted little harm on their children, and may well have made them less anxious. It is also probably true that many who didn't obey did not succumb to the fate the experts promised was in store; for where the advisers have always been least reliable is in their predictions of what might follow if their advice is not heeded.

Lately there has been an unprecedented increase in the level of parental anxiety, and in the number and kinds of manuals available. When more than 1 million mothers are paying cash for advice that more often bubbles out of intuition rather than evidence, it is useful to clear the air. To be sure, a critical evaluation of these manuals will probably not change parental behavior; for Western adults insist on believing that there is always something they can do to relieve unease. It is always better to act, even if the actions have a fragile factual base. Pascal's persuasive argument for believing in God was that the cost was minimal and the consequences of doubt significant; hence it was wise to commit one's faith.

The child experts, among whom Penelope Leach occupies a prominent place, have an emotional advantage that is denied to financial and health wizards: the rearing of children has a moral component that is missing from the accumulation of wealth or the prevention of heart disease. Adults who do not seek the highest interest rate on their funds or fail to watch their diet might be regarded by their friends as lazy or dumb, but they will not be criticized for violating any moral imperative. Parents who fail to provide the best care for their children, however, are judged immoral, so parents wake each morning with a special motivation to perform well.

It is worth noting that the ethical urge has not always been as strong as it is today. Impoverished fifteenth-century Italian mothers who could not care for their fourth or fifth infant were not punished for drowning their child in a local river. Italian society of the time provided other sources of moral reassurance, which meant that parental virtues were less critical to one's moral posture. Because the belief that one is a good parent has moral power in our society, the eagerness for outside wisdom is born of two motives: the obvious desire to give one's child a better life, and also a wish for reassurance that one is virtuous.

The size of the moral dividend delivered by competent child-rearing has increased during the past two decades, thanks to the large number of college-educated women who have embarked on full-time careers, in addition to pursuing the traditional feminine goals of childbearing and rearing. The infant has become, implicitly, less of a routine undertaking and more of an opportunity to demonstrate competence in yet another arena. It is not unimportant that the challenge of parenthood is accepted with the handicap of being out of the home five days a week. Inevitably, this makes it more difficult to sculpt the perfect child, and lays the foundation for guilt if one makes mistakes. Even the normal range of mundane afflictions—fever, diarrhea, sleeplessness, rash and distress—is less clearly appreciated by parents who are working full-time than by those who are tending their infant all day.

To add to widespread pressures and uncertainties, many more parents are now living far from first- and second-degree relatives who could offer advice in times of stress. Although a mother-in-law's suggestions were occasionally resented, the older woman was always available. Finally, unlike their great-grandparents, today's 30-year-olds have the privilege of choosing when to have a child and how many to nurture. That privilege inevitably endows the infant with a significance considerably greater than prevailed when parents had a half-dozen children, some at inauspicious times. In short, it should come as no surprise that the level of parental worry has probably never been higher in the history of our species.

To examine the many books, tapes and pamphlets catering to parental child-rearing anxieties is to discover that the advice revolves around the same themes, is strikingly similar in content, and, for the most part, is descriptive rather than prescriptive. The popular writings of Leach, a British child development specialist who has attracted a following in this country, provide a good example of this genre. The time tables for weaning, teething, smiling, crawling, walking, language acquisition and disobedience are clearly presented and confirmed by parental experience. On occasion, however, a statement, attached to a descriptive fact, tells parents what or what not to do, and warns them that failure to follow the advice is likely to harm the child. The prediction is generally presented with the same level of certainty accorded to the knowledge that May's leaves will fall in October.

Most of Leach's advice, which she offers in synoptic form in her new book, flows from two fundamental premises that she brings to her conception of development: the child cannot receive too much love, and the child should not be coerced as a means of instilling discipline or encouraging intellectual or social progress. Those turn out to be not quite the universal precepts that Leach leads her readers to believe they are. When most mothers remained at home caring for their children, few experts worried about whether children were receiving enough love. The more frequent concern was that they were getting too much. Frank Richardson, a physician who also wrote books of advice in the 1920s, warned parents that excessive love might produce an adolescent unable to enjoy life. Leo Kanner, a physician at the Johns Hopkins University, wrote a half-century ago that middle-class children were in danger of becoming too passive and excessively dependent, first on their parents and later on their spouses, as a result of excessive maternal love.

Sixty years later, with so many more

GIANT HEAVY DUTY PORTABLE GARAGE

INSTANT PROTECTION

10x8x8.....$219
16x8x8.....$267
20x10x8....$326
30x12x10..$458
35x12x12..$577

As a part of an advertising test, *United Pacific* will send any of the above size Heavy Duty Instant Garages to anyone who reads and responds to this test before the next 30 days. Each garage is constructed of extra tough, 100% waterproof, high density fabric and has reinforced, double-locked stitched hems, electronically welded seams, supported by a reinforced heavy duty rustproof metal frame and Quick Lock™ Anchors, for extra stability in the strongest winds. ***INSTANT HEAVY DUTY PROTECTION:*** specifically designed for cars, trucks, boats, RV's, tractors, workshops, paint booths, docks, pools, government and industrial contracts, temporary shelters, walkways, hot tubs, extra heavy machinery or any equipment for industrial or private use. Withstands high winds, sun, sap, rain and snow. Perfect for hot or sub freezing weather. Each portable garage is accompanied with a **LIFETIME GUARANTEE** that it must perform 100% or it will be replaced free. **LIMIT** (3) any size per address. If your order is received within the next 10 days you will receive **FREE, a 62 piece American and metric tool chest.** Add $19 handling and crating for each garage requested. Prices shown do not include shipping or applicable sales tax. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: Dept. G-073 16135 Leadwell St Van Nuys CA 91406. Or for fastest service from any part of the country:

CALL FREE
7 Days a Week, 24 Hours a Day
1-800-637-6013
DEPT. G-073
HAVE YOUR CREDIT CARD READY VISA / MC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mothers working outside the home, the use of surrogate care has changed the target of uncertainty: now the fear is the possibility of too little love. Next to their belief in individual liberty, contemporary Americans regard the feeling of being loved by one's family as an absolute necessity. Anyone who claimed that children did not need parental love would be dismissed as insane, hopelessly retarded or an intellectual terrorist who wanted social attention. Yet the fact is that we do not know what parental behaviors persuade children that they are the recipients of this sacred resource. John Stuart Mill and Charles Darwin described their fathers as aloof and cold, but they added, in their memoirs, that they were sure that their fathers loved them. It is a Western cultural expectation that women possess the capacity to love children in fuller amounts and with less restraint than men, and so mothers feel the imperative to love with special force.

Leach warns mothers that if they do not provide their infant with a continuous opportunity to express their love during the first six months, the child may become unable to give or receive love as an adult. It would be reassuring if this declaration were true, but it is a conjecture without firm factual support, as was John Watson's advice, offered seventy-five years ago, never to hug or to kiss an infant. Although Leach acknowledges, correctly, that the influence of day care on infants will depend on the temperament of the child and the quality of the care, a few pages later she punctures this reassurance by warning that infants need one primary adult to care for them. The implication is that the child's future is compromised if that imperative is violated.

But what is love? I.Q. scores and grade point averages are figures to which anyone can point. The invisible belief or feeling that one is loved is not dictated by any particular actions on the part of the parent or the child. Puritan parents physically punished their children, often harshly, but their children did not doubt that they were loved. The Efe!, a semi-nomadic group in Zaire, believe that a child grows best if a woman other than the mother is the first to hold, to nurse and to care for the child. When we ask whether the outside temperature affects the probability of a snowfall, we need only gather objective data to find out. But when we ask about the contribution of parental love or rejection to the child's future development, we are asking whether a certain set of parental actions produces a special state in the child.

The psychiatrist John Bowlby's invention of the idea of the infant's attachment to a parent, which emerged from studies that he conducted after World War II, has become a synonym for parental love. Since all children experience emotions as an accompaniment to their varied interactions with parents, they develop a complex psychological response to these adults that has come to be called an attachment. Some experts advise placing a newborn on the mother's skin during the first forty-eight hours to create a bond between the two that will launch the baby on a life itinerary that is healthier than that of the unfortunate infant who missed this early tactile closeness. Many well-educated parents who believe this prediction worry if circumstances prevent them from having this initial bonding experience.

The attachment of an infant to the parent has two obvious consequences. First, young children experience less fear about an unfamiliar or threatening event, such as a thunderstorm or an odd-looking stranger, if the parents are present than if they are absent. Moreover, young children will usually approach their parents when they are distressed, and are more easily soothed by them than by any other adult.

But Bowlby and his disciples went considerably further, and assumed that the emotional bond that characterized either a secure or an insecure attachment in an infant was permanent and contained a portent for future happiness. Journalists declared with uncritical enthusiasm, following Bowlby, that an infant who did not establish a secure attachment to a parent in the first year was at serious risk of a less than fully satisfying life. Gather wood in August so that the house will be warm when December winds blow. If that advice were always true, there would be good reason for parents to worry. But this dark Puritanical scenario is probably exaggerated.

The idea of a happy, securely attached infant growing into a loving, productive, sociable adult is so intuitively appealing that scientists tried to develop a procedure that would measure this quality of connectedness as objectively as intelligence. Mary Ainsworth and her colleagues at Johns Hopkins University developed an interesting laboratory procedure that they hoped would solve the measurement problem. They assumed that a 1-year-old who is securely attached to a parent should become a little distressed when the parent left the child alone or with a stranger in an unfamiliar room in a university laboratory, but should be soothed easily by the parent after her return, because of the child's secure emotional bond to the adult.

The child who was insecurely attached, by contrast, should display two other patterns of behavior. One type does not cry when the parent leaves the room and does not look up to acknowledge the mother when she returns, presumably because the child is emotionally indifferent. Newspaper reports announcing that children attending day care centers are less securely attached than those who are raised at home with their mothers were based on this particular lab procedure. Neither the scientists nor the reporters stopped to wonder why it was surprising that children who were left each morning at a neighbor's home or day care center became accustomed to the daily separations and did not cry when their mother left them for the day.

A second profile that defines an insecure attachment is characterized by extreme distress when the parent leaves, combined with prolonged crying and resistance when the parent returns, presumably because the weak emotional bond renders the parent less effective in soothing the child. It is likely, however, that the 1-year-old who cries intensely when the parent leaves and cannot be quieted when she returns was born with a temperament that biased the infant to become extremely distressed in the face of most unexpected events, including a mother's suddenly leaving the child alone in an unfamiliar room. These children, about 15 percent of the population, become so frightened by the parents' departure that they cry with terror and, as a result, are difficult to soothe. These children may not be insecurely attached to their parent; they are more likely to be temperamentally fearful children.

Although the concept of a secure or insecure attachment is useful, scientists unfortunately do not yet have a sensitive way to diagnose these states. And it is all too easy to exaggerate the long-lasting implications of early infant-parent bonding. After the Second World War an international agency arranged for middle-class American families to adopt homeless children who led uncertain lives in Europe during the war. When the children arrived in America, they ranged in age from about five months to 10 years. Thirty-eight of these children were studied as they adjusted to their new homes. Although 20 percent, a small number, initially displayed signs of anxiety, such as overeating and sleeping badly, these symptoms vanished eventually and the majority made good progress in school despite the absence of a secure attachment to parents during the opening years of life.

Leach also believes that all socialization should be gentle and, reflecting popular opinion among college educated parents, she regards all forms of physical punishment as productive of pathology. Although I do not believe tha

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spanking is necessary to make a child civil, it does not automatically produce an aggressive child. No one can doubt that Puritan parents were unusually harsh with their children. The clergyman father of an early president of Brown University, for example, locked his 2-year-old son in a closet for more than twelve hours because the toddler refused to take a piece of bread offered by the parent. But Leach neglects to mention that seventeenth-century New Englanders were civil, law-abiding, rarely homicidal.

It is a bit surprising that a psychologist who understands children so well should attribute so much power to the actions of parents and ignore the child's interpretations of those actions. The consequences of spanking a child for a misdemeanor depend completely on the child's understanding of why this form of socialization was chosen. If children decide that a particular form of punishment was unfair, excessive or administered with hostility, deep anger can be generated. If, however, children regard the same spanking as just, given the child's misdemeanor and the parent's distress, no untoward consequences are likely to occur. One of the most serious errors in most of the advice books is that the child is treated as if he or she had no mind. In fact, there are only a few parental acts (sexual abuse is one of them) that are considered uniformly threatening to a child's equilibrium.

Leach also advises against pushing or coercing the child intellectually, urging parents to wait until the child is ready for instruction. Her advice seems to be verified by scientific research. Frequent and varied conversation between parents and younger children will increase language skills; praising a child for intellectual achievements, even small victories, adds to the child's level of motivation to master new challenges; and parental displays of relevant behavior—for example, reading books and newspapers—will persuade the child that the acquisition of knowledge is both a moral enterprise and a source of gratification.

The timing of the parental stimulation, however, affects its usefulness. Infants do not appreciate that words stand for things in the world until the last months of the first year, for example, so showing flashcards to a six-month-old is as useful as reading a 2-year-old a text on investing to ensure a fiscally responsible wage earner, or reading a 3-year-old a marriage manual to prepare for a future honeymoon.

Infants' minds thrive on variety and sensory experience, and interactive play in the kitchen, living room and backyard contain all the variety that the infant needs, as Leach repeatedly reminds her readers. But so many parents are so uncertain of their ability to foster their child's mental growth that they find it hard to believe that simply talking with their 2-year-old about trees, spoons and yesterday's outing to the market could be sufficient. Newton, Einstein, Darwin, Mendel, Picasso, Shaw, Beethoven and Shakespeare missed the advantages of flashcards. One might even argue that, in some cases, this practice can be harmful. If a mother believes that her child should benefit from this early tutoring and the child becomes bored, which happens much of the time, then the parent may become angry and assume, incorrectly, that her perfectly normal child is intellectually delayed or temperamentally resistant to the acquisition of knowledge.

Still, even if the prescriptive advice and occasional dire warnings delivered by the experts are without a sound basis in fact, most of the pages in their books are filled with generally accurate, descriptive facts that are genuinely helpful to the audience for whom they are intended. The advice books are directed primarily at middle-class mothers who have at least twelve years of education, more often a college degree; they are not written especially for economically disadvantaged, less well-educated parents.

It is not surprising, then, that the authors write as if the consequences of love, play and stimulation are the same whether the family is living in a two-room apartment in the inner city or a two-story house on a wooded half-acre. It is rare to find an advice book that acknowledges the profound effect of social class on a child's growth, even though social class is the best predictor of intelligence, school grades and physical and mental health. Leach's latest book is to be applauded because she makes a persuasive and powerful plea to the middle-class community to do something about the sad plight of millions of the world's children. She urges us to support the social action programs that will alleviate the plight of these children.

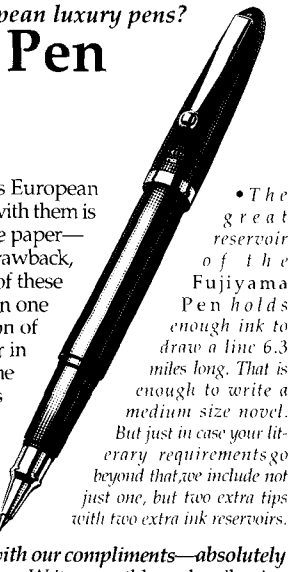
A child's social class correlates closely with his adult fate, because a child's values and attitudes about himself are deeply influenced by his identification with his social class and by the values that prevail in the local neighborhood and peer group. John Edgar Wideman is an African American writer and college professor who grew up as a first-born son in a poor black neighborhood in Pittsburgh. Let us assume that his accomplishments, which distinguish him from 99 percent of other children living in the same circumstances, were due, in part, to loving parents who provided a great deal of intellectual encouragement. Wideman's

Does this Japanese model outperform famous European luxury pens?

Fujiyama™ Ceramic Pen

still only $39.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**



If you've ever had occasion to write with one of the famous European pens, you know what marvelous products they are. Writing with them is a joy. It is almost effortless. The pen appears to float across the paper—even your thoughts seem to flow more freely. The substantial drawback, however, as with so many other nice things, is that the price of these luxury pens is awfully high. It's easy to spend $150 or more on one of them. Our Japanese friends have created their own version of these luxury pens. They are equally pleasing and quite similar in appearance, heft and feel. They have the same hi-lacquer finish, the same fine gold-tone accents and the same gold-plated clip as those famous European luxury pens. The exclusive ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten, stall or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

The most remarkable thing about the *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive distributors and are therefore able to offer it for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy, an even greater one if you take advantage of our 3-for-2 "better deal". Get with it—get your *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

• *The great reservoir of the* Fujiyama Pen *holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include not just one, but two extra tips with two extra ink reservoirs.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
8 a.m. to 6 p.m., 7 days a week

For quantity orders (100+), call Peaches Jeffries, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6675 or write her at the address below.

Please give order Code **#1004A369**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add our standard $4.95 shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

younger brother, however, is serving a life sentence for murder in a Pennsylvania prison. It is hard to believe that Wideman's parents did not provide the same psychological resources for the younger brother and reasonable to argue that factors outside the home, in this case, the effect of the youth rebellion in the late 1960s and neighborhood temptations, diluted the benevolent consequences of parental affection and encouragement. It is a bit cruel to imply, as some experts do, that if poor, minimally educated parents simply loved and read books to their children, their offspring would go on to the same level of attainment reached by those who began their life in middle-class affluence.

A wise psychiatrist noted many years ago that very different forms of psychotherapy had roughly equivalent levels of effectiveness. The relief of a patient's distress required the client to believe that she was being treated by a wise person who cared about her and held similar views about the causes and the relief of symptoms. The authors of child care manuals know before they sign the publisher's contract that middle-class American parents believe that parental love is the basic ingredient for future emotional health, that stimulation of the infant must contribute to intellectual growth, and that exercising mental and physical abilities has beneficial effects. By supporting those assumptions, the persuasive power of the expert is enhanced and the parents' worry is reduced. That accomplishment is not inconsequential.

Anthropologists have argued for a long time that all of us need rituals if we are to begin each day with enthusiasm rather than anxiety or lethargy. I follow my physician's advice and take Vitamin C, Vitamin E and beta-carotene each morning in the belief that by doing so I am resisting the inevitable ravages of aging. I suspect that I might continue this practice even after reading in a scientific journal that these pills had no prophylactic effect on health, as long as my doctor assured me that it was a wise practice. I want to believe there is something I can do to forestall cancer, and this ritual is easy to follow.

Humans must believe in something, and those who provide the ideological seed for action, whether based in fact or intuition, serve society. A harsh skepticism toward all statements that are not grounded in hard scientific evidence is probably not the best attitude to bring to the raising of children. Perhaps we owe the authors of child advice books a small debt of gratitude.

JEROME KAGAN is author most recently of *Galen's Prophecy: Temperament in Human Nature* (Basic Books).

The Rules of Distraction

BY ALEXANDER STAR

The Informers by Bret Easton Ellis

(Knopf, 240 pp., $22)

As if to make up for the city's incessant boosterism, the Los Angeles novel carries a strong current of disaffection. Brooding despair mocks buoyant dreams; cynicism poisons the sunshine. This tradition distilled itself in Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays*, where the entire metropolis was coolly reduced to a few locations (restaurants, hotel rooms, the freeway) and an even smaller number of emotions (anxiety, disengagement). *Play It as It Lays* may have been intentionally fatigued, designed to sound like the last book of its kind. But it inspired a legion of imitators. For many Californian writers, the L.A. novel became a trip to Didionland.

Bret Easton Ellis's *Less Than Zero*, which appeared in 1985, cleverly adapted Didion's narrow range and brittle style to the age of MTV. Not surprisingly, Ellis became an instant object of emulation as young writers everywhere began composing their own stripped-down novels about drugs, sex and driving. And then, his ambitions inflated by early success, Ellis saw his stock fall. *American Psycho*, his third book, was intended as a nightmarish indictment of Wall Street, serial killers and the American way, but its lurid violence and its colorless prose prompted an avalanche of ill will.

Four years later Ellis is back in L.A., stringing together stories about kids who don't know if they've been pampered or abused by their affluent parents. The barely linked monologues of *The Informers* are set in the early '80s, which means that synth-pop and breakdancing dominate the cultural landscape and MTV is new enough to be worth mentioning. There are the usual divorced entertainment executives, bored teenagers and ravenous party-goers. As ever, the pills (Thorazine, Nembutal, Librium) have more personality than the characters (Bruce, Martin, Tim). The closest thing to a political theme is the danger of corporate jets.

Ellis's L.A. is a city bordered on one side by boredom and on the other by disaster. In one episode, four teenagers mark the anniversary of a friend's death by taunting each other and avoiding the subject. In another, a young woman travels across the country by train; horrified that her stepmother-to-be has seen *Flashdance* five times and that her parents don't talk, she decides to stay on the train and keep traveling. Meanwhile, ominous portents suggest that a team of vampires is at work in the hills. After a brutal episode in which a child is kidnapped and stabbed to death, the book returns to quieter scenes. Someone pleads with her boyfriend at the zoo. A girl sits on the beach all day, succumbing to a fatal disease, while her friends observe that "she's looking pretty shitty."

What is this all about? Ellis might not be the most intellectually demanding of writers, but he does have a plan, which is to expose the nihilism and depersonalization of the well-financed young. (Someone has to do it.) This was most evident in the despised *American Psycho*. As that book proceeds, its narrator, the yuppie stockbroker Patrick Bateman, comes apart. His self is vacated of identity and inhabited by a series of brand names, talk show topics and fashionable restaurants. Then he starts to kill people.

The book's greatest fault was that Ellis seemed to think no better of his readers than of his characters. Desperate to impress something onto his jaded audience, he resorted to stiff caricature and gruesome violence. His Manhattan epic became a jumble of severed tongues and gouged-out breasts, staple guns and jumper cables. Still, Ellis's demonization wasn't entirely deserved. His primary subject was not brutality (about which he had little to say). It was another venerable theme: the tyranny of surfaces in a culture ruled by status symbols. In *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Tom Wolfe perched himself high above his turbulent, position-crazed Manhattanites; Ellis simply abandoned himself to their consumer madness.

Though Ellis didn't seem to fully appreciate it, this is a dangerous act; it's hard to tell the difference between writing about anonymity and writing anonymously. Like his anti-hero, Ellis often seemed bewitched by the consumer car

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nival. Yet Ellis did approach depersonalization with a paradoxical kind of intimacy, setting Bateman's disintegration against a detailed background of maddening gadgets and mindless conversation. He was especially prescient about the small irritations that new technology can provoke; one elaborate scene is choreographed around the impossibility of two people making dinner plans while being interrupted by call-waiting. In Bateman's flawlessly up-to-date apartment, the C.D. player is always skipping.

Many readers complained of the endlessly reiterated brand names and disposable goods ("paisley ties and crystal water pitchers, tumbler sets and office clocks that measure temperature and humidity and barometric pressure, electric calling card address books and margarita glasses . . . "). They certainly didn't make for graceful writing. But these catalogs were not the artless attempts at specificity typical of '80s fiction. The main accomplishment of *American Psycho* was to give its glittering artifacts a mysterious, and threatening, presence. As Bateman vanishes from the story, they acquire a hallucinatory energy of their own; they are the dismal residue of his soul.

With *The Informers*, a chastened Ellis returns to a safer, and more familiar, zone of alienation. Unlike *American Psycho*, the new novel never attempts much in the way of development; the typical passage begins with a flat, declarative statement ("I drive to the Beverly Center and wander around . . . ") and ends with a shrug ("I hang up, pass out"). As in Didion, Ellis's characters are invariably numb on the surface, agitated underneath. Their stories are intended as miniature dramas of dissociation. No one gets anyone else's jokes; telephone conversations meander ("Is the connection, like, clear?"); every human encounter is interrupted by random distractions. Long, uninflected sentences mirror blank, uninflected lives.

To compensate for the lack of momentum, Ellis tries to maintain an edgy tone of coolness and control, rising up to the edge of feeling but never beyond it. Quite often, however, he intrudes himself into the void; and then his stark monologues quickly devolve into stagy set-pieces or blatant editorializing. In one chapter, a divorced father tries to get to know his son on a Hawaiian vacation, and fails. Ellis isn't content just to show the distance between parent and child. "Looking at Tim," the father muses, "one cannot help feeling great waves of uncertainty, an absence of aim, of purpose...." In a final scene, the father imagines Tim "looking out past the horizon, his eyes disappointed at finding even more of the same flatness."

Ellis's even, unmodulated prose looks like the kind of writing style that anyone can operate. But it isn't, and Ellis doesn't have the tact and the precision to make it work. Every time disaster strikes, a distracted or evasive response follows. When Jamie dies in a car crash, Dirk shuffles through his dead friend's pockets, looking for a joint. When Danny tells Cheryl the anchorwoman that Rickie is dead, she berates him for forgetting to "tape the newscast tonight." When Graham hears shots being fired inside an apartment building on Wilshire Boulevard, he approaches a nearby doorman who is listening to a good song on his Walkman. This sort of anti-drama can be effective: Malcolm Cowley once compared Hemingway's writing to a widow's cleaning the house on the morning after her husband died. But Ellis is no Hemingway; he doesn't trust his culturally damaged readers, and so he repeats his point over and over again until it loses its charge.

The Informers isn't as edgy as *American Psycho*, but it is modestly more humane. Not all of the characters here are as odious as Bateman and his stupid, cynical friends. In one scene, Cheryl finds herself alone at a deli, strung out between a departing lover and a disconsolate ex-husband. When a group of smirking punks asks for her autograph, she becomes the target of their ridicule and abuse. As these unfamiliar people intrude into her well-protected life, she's no longer certain of her bearings. Her dependable public image undoes itself. In response, she clings tightly to her cigarettes and Diet Coke.

In this collision between sadness and consumerism, Ellis nearly makes depersonalization plausible. The real L.A. flashes by for a moment, a fragmented jurisdiction of jostling parts and confused identities. It is a great subject. Richard Riordan's domain is a kaleidoscope of anger, billboards and cultural diversity, an ideal tableau for an alienated young novelist who is eager to put aside Didionesque minimalism. But Ellis largely retreats from the challenge, setting his novel in the sullen and insulated recent past. No riots, no anti-immigrant backlash, no celebrity lawyers. *The Informers* is a subdued, nostalgic book. It looks back fondly on the 1980s, when the L.A. elite could enjoy its anxiety in peace. •

The Mid-American Scholar

BY DANIEL AARON

V. L. Parrington: Through the Avenue of Art by H. Lark Hall

(The Kent State University Press, 416 pp., $39)

H. Lark Hall wrote this authoritative biography of Vernon Louis Parrington, the once famous literary historian, to reinterpret and to "vivify" the "intensely private" author of *Main Currents in American Thought*, "a rebellious work," as she aptly describes it, "for a rebellious generation searching for intellectual moorings in a time of political and economic upheaval." Many of us who belonged to that "generation" are not likely to forget how refreshing and liberating it was to read *Main Currents* in the '30s, how bold in conception and broad in scope we found it, and how engagingly unacademic. It lifted American history and literature into the open air and confirmed for us the legitimacy of the New Deal's campaign against the advocates of status and privilege.

Through Parrington's eyes, we saw the past in the present and the present in the past; and under his guidance we confidently rode the currents of American thought as if it were obvious from the start where the republic was heading. We enjoyed his painterly vignettes of the famous and the forgotten, his colorful phrases, the range of his quotations (obviously he had plowed acres of writing), all combined in such a way as to please the academy and the educated public alike. His prose was at times overly thick with metaphors and old-fashionedly orotund, but it was serviceable and often witty and sardonic. It placed no barriers between himself and his readers.

Main Currents won the Pulitzer Prize in history in 1928 and changed the direction of American studies. Until roughly the mid-'40s, Parrington's reputation blazed. Then it rapidly subsided, and the priests of criticism prepared him for what Leslie Fiedler once called the ceremony of "ritual slaughter," by which he meant a kind of symbolic execution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of writers who had outlived their usefulness. The rite was to be carried out with due respect for the victims' past achievements, and the wielding of the "sacrificial axe" treated as a holy duty reverently but mercilessly performed for the "future fertility of the literary tribe." It was in this spirit that Lionel Trilling ritually slaughtered Parrington.

Parrington's vogue was under attack as early as 1940, when Trilling published a damaging critique of him in *Partisan Review*. And the inclusion of that lofty putdown a decade later in Trilling's influential collection of essays, *The Liberal Imagination*, certainly abetted the subsequent eclipse of Parrington and his school. Before dispatching him, Trilling made an obligatory bow reminiscent of Longfellow's tribute to his worthy village blacksmith. He granted him a "simple intelligence, notable for its generosity and enthusiasm" if not "for its accuracy and originality," and credited him with having "the saving salt of the American mind, the lively sense of the practical, workaday world, of the welter of ordinary undistinguished things and people, of the tangible, quirky, unrefined elements of life." Yet these homely virtues, Trilling drily noted, did not suffice to condone Parrington's want of literary sensibility and his readiness to let liberal political and social views "do duty for percipience."

Trilling's strictures were attuned to the changes in the political and literary climate after the Second World War. Interest in "the literary aspect of American politics and the most overtly political aspects of American letters" (I quote from Richard Hofstadter's criticism of Parrington) had considerably lessened. At mid-century the "New Criticism," with its emphasis on the formal properties of literature and on the techniques of textual analysis, was firmly planted in academic circles. *Main Currents* looked pretty crude compared to F.O. Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* (which appeared in 1941), a rich book fully cognizant of the social context of American literature yet of far greater aesthetic sophistication. Parrington's opting for representatives of the "democratic drift" (Roger Williams, Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Whitman, Twain, Howells) and his bias against the conservative and genteel camp (Edwards, Hamilton, Webster, Longfellow, Lowell, Henry James) no longer made much sense to many younger critics, for whom he was at best an outmoded pioneer in interdisciplinary cultural history. *Main Currents* chugged along all right, charting and cataloging 300 years of American writing, pausing to describe and to assess the ideas of emblematic figures in the intellectual landscape; but Parrington was no myth-and-symbol spotter, and he seldom lingered over a literary text long enough to savor it or extract its essence. *Main Currents* stayed in print, but Parrington was consigned to the limbo of defunct literary nationalists, and there he remains.

Hall's biography isn't likely to start a run on Parrington. Still, it is the fullest and most scrupulous account to date of an American type more complex and contradictory and original than either his champions or his detractors have supposed. From his unpublished writings—they include poetry and fiction as well as letters, notebooks, class syllabi, family records, personal reminiscences—she has traced the genesis and the slow maturation of his masterwork and filled in the blank spaces of his comparatively placid life.

Born in Illinois in 1871, Parrington grew up in Emporia, Kansas, where he attended the local college for three years. He completed his undergraduate education at Harvard, graduating after two more years of study in the class of 1893. For the rest of his life, he would view Harvard as both the "apologist and advocate of capitalist exploitation" and as the training ground for the anti-establishment "younger American intellectuals who are heckling the self-righteous today" (he was thinking of Oswald Garrison Villard, Hutchins Hapgood and Robert Morss Lovett). Returning happily to Emporia, he taught a staggering array of courses at his old college (and coached the baseball and football teams) for the next four years.

Seeking more pay, he moved to Norman, Oklahoma, a raw, ugly, inhospitable little town, and labored eleven more years at the newly founded and unprepossessing university until the Board of Regents kicked him out in what Hofstadter called "one of the most scandalous episodes in American academic history." Apparently they resented his "aristocratic" dress and manner and his cigarette smoking more than they did his notions. His career ended at the University of Washington in Seattle. There he finished the last version of his monumental study. He died in 1929, one year after *Main Currents* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

Such a circumscribed and outwardly uneventful career might appear to offer thin stuff for a biographer. Parrington shied away from political and literary controversies, and save for a culture absorbing fourteen months in England and France, he rarely strayed from his study and classrooms. Still, as Hall demonstrates, he did travel far and adventurously within these precincts. The Kansan farm boy who at one time had thought of becoming a Presbyterian minister and whose prize-winning oration, "God in History," made him briefly a local celebrity, turned almost reluctantly into a skeptic and a radical. Always something of a rebel, his early heterodoxy derived more directly from his arts and letters than from his populist sympathies. Reading Ruskin and Carlyle, and especially William Morris, drew him, Hall writes, "from art to politics, from belles-lettres to social thought, from English literature and culture" and enabled him, as he said, "to enter the

Atlantic Ridley Sea Turtle

In the give and take of water, she swims
with sharks, jawfish, limbs arcing, birdlike,
pressing an ocean back over the axis
of her spine. She emerges loudly. Sunlight
erupting from her shell, she glances
sideways, over the green light of land, climbs
the colossal dunes. Above the reach of tides
she curls her forelimb inward: lowering, lifting,
shoveling her shadow out of sand. She lays
her eggs two at a time. For hours.

The descent to the sea is the darkness
she was born to, hatched first and waiting,
passive beneath one hundred of her
hatchling kind, the whole nest trembling
in that first disorder: shells breaking,
caving the roof and walls; bodies wet
and scrambling; sands falling; the floor
rising—the whole chamber quaking
from lassitude. She remembers that wave.

Barbara Helfgott Hyett

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field of modern social thought through the avenue of art."

By the 1900s he was ready to proceed with his ambitious chronicle. The first volume opens with the transplanting of Old World "germinal ideas," both liberal and autocratic, in a New World setting, and it closes with the end of the Revolutionary War. The second volume covers the next half-century of the country's "extravagant youth," a period in which romantic idealism and the crassest materialism flourish "in an industrial capitalist order." The uncompleted third volume measures the deflation of "romantic optimism" between the eras of Emerson and Dreiser and more than hints of his own mounting disenchantment about America's prospects. The "great American mass" is "too often blown up with flatulence, corroded with lust, on familiar terms with lying and chicanery." This sour reflection is quite uncharacteristic of *Main Currents*, especially the first two volumes. Yet Parrington's progressivism, as Hall points out, was always qualified by his dialectical view of the historical process. He never conceived "progress" as inevitably beneficent. It might well end in the kind of plutocratic, vulgar and coercive state he feared was emerging. Even so he holds to his belief in democracy's resilient powers and hears faint but authentic echoes of the Enlightenment that once made American civilization "a thing to be respected."

Reflecting on Parrington's accomplishments, Hall concedes that his scholarship was sometimes shaky, his definitions of terms inexact, and the organization of his volumes overly schematic. Yet she is rightly impatient with hasty and prejudiced readers who blamed him for not writing the book he never intended to write. Had he written *Main Currents* from "the modern aesthetic standpoint," as he explained, his intellectual history would have missed "precisely what makes it significant among modern literatures, namely, that for two centuries the main energy of Americans went into exploration, settlement, labor for substance, religion and statecraft"—activities that allowed little expansion of "their purely aesthetic impulses."

Point by point Hall disputes the charges. It is not true that he commended only liberals (read his pages on John Adams, Hall advises, and on Hamilton, Cooper, Calhoun, Webster) or that he contemptuously brushed aside all belle lettrists. Poe and Hawthorne were marginal to his history because they didn't swim in what were to him the main currents of American thought, yet he revered them all the same. "It ill becomes a democrat," he wrote, "to censure Poe for the aloofness of his art from the world of reality." It was the artist's privilege to keep apart from his fellows and to resist social compulsion, "even a compulsion to service." In devoting himself to the cause of beauty, Poe had to "be accounted a friend to the deeper purpose of democracy."

Parrington's sensibility, Hall observes, was neither "artistically reductive" nor "politically programmatic." Describing himself as a "literary refugee among the drilled hosts of historians," and confessing that "the wise finality of the literary judge is beyond me," he was anything but a dogmatist. He took for granted that any work of history would be vitiated by "an inevitable inadequacy of data and the philosophical bias of the writer." Even the so-called scientific historian, he wrote, could not remain emotionally detached "in contemplating the passionate record of human struggles which passes for history.... We read the present into the past.... We end by painting our own portrait masquerading in the clothes of other days."

No doubt Parrington's "biases" were objectified in the ideological roles that he assigned to the characters of his historical drama. But one has only to read him on the contradictions in the thought of Cooper, Emerson, Whitman or Henry Adams to challenge Trilling's assertion that he hadn't an inkling of the dialectical play of their minds. Certainly his own mind was an arena where realists and idealists, radicals and conservatives, Southerners and Northerners, Easterners and Westerners conducted their debates, with Parrington—himself divided—adjudicating not always impartially the claims of the contending parties.

Hall only partly agrees with Hofstadter's surmise that Parrington might have been happier and more productive had he been reared in culturally nourishing surroundings. She doesn't think of him as an autodidact cut off from the main currents of his age. Instead she accepts his own Arnoldian image of himself: a man caught between a dead and an unborn world and not really comfortable in either. She finds something heroic in his solitary and unflagging pursuit of self-improvement and in his efforts to reconcile his contradictory impulses (for example, his ambivalence toward the Northeastern gentry whose attitudes he often resented but whose culture he admired). Although Hall is not uncritical of his shortcomings, she writes without condescension about his vision of a democratic culture neither crude nor over-refined.

In an addendum to the third volume of *Main Currents*, Parrington reflected with just a touch of bitterness on the fate of the liberal post-Victorian generation buried alive without so much as a thank you in the jazzy and irresponsible '20s. Clever young intellectuals "spouting geysers of smart cynical talk" were unaware that their seniors had provided them "with a hammer and pointed out the idols to be smashed." He had identified himself with "the great movement of liberalism that took possession of the American mind after the turn of the century," and he honored its prophets. He welcomed the challenge of post-Wilsonian iconoclasts while wondering ruefully how they could throw away "like an empty whiskey flask" the democratic idealism that had once inspired him and his fellow progressives.

Hall reads *Main Currents* "as a document of the period in which it was conceived and written, as a means to place order on the turbulent World War I years and to act as a stay against the loss of faith in culture and politics that characterized the 1920s." It can also be read, I think, as the statement of a reformer and a secular evangelist. For all of its tough reasonableness, its ironies and hard facts, it is at bottom a jeremiad comparable in spirit to Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* and Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. "Officially I am a teacher of English literature," he declared in his answer to the charge of immorality made by his Oklahoma prosecutors,

> but in reality my business in life is to wage war on the crude and selfish materialism that is biting so deeply into our national life and character, and I do it by teaching whomever I can lay my hands on that the worship of materialism can never make a people either noble or great, but that if we hope to become men we had better study to learn what things produce manhood. Whatever gifts are mine are devoted to teaching the need of a high civic and personal morality: and I mean by morality that integrity of purpose that keeps one upright and just and honorable, and that endeavours to enlarge the realm of sanity and justice and honor in this world.

Main Currents in American Thought stands today like a large abandoned house, its paint dulled by time, its windows broken, but still inhabited by ghostly presences from the republican past. H. Lark Hall has resurrected the architect—not the provincial cornball of the Eastern intelligentsia, but the Mid-American Scholar and would-be redeemer of the nineteenth-century progressive tradition who was already an anachronism at the apogee of his success.

DANIEL AARON is the author most recently of *American Notes: Selected Essays* (Northeastern University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPE COD DIARIST

Symbolic politics

"SYMBOLS," WROTE RILKE IN ONE of his *Sonnets*, are "where we truly live." This is the case in religion, and it is the case in politics as well. Symbols can be uplifting; sometimes, many times, they can disappoint. Symbols and symbolic acts can also be ugly. The ugliest of these in recent memory was the almost clandestine midsummer rehabilitation of Kurt Waldheim by Pope John Paul II. The Pope turned the war criminal into a Knight of the Ordine Piano. The order, founded by Pius IX in 1848, honors individuals "for outstanding service to Church or society." I've been interested in the macabre career of Dr. Waldheim for almost fifteen years; it was in TNR where you—or anyone else, for that matter—first read that the then-secretary-general of the United Nations had been both a Nazi and an officer in military units of the Reich guilty of unspeakable atrocities, including the liquidation of Salonician Jewry and the killing of British prisoners of war. It is precisely because of Waldheim's complicity in these barbaric events that the United States has banned him from entering the country. Paradoxically, his culpability ensured his ascendancy at the U.N. Although Waldheim had fooled some governments (we do not know whether he actually fooled our own) about his past, the Soviets knew his record very well. And he knew they knew. Which is why he was a virtual partner in Moscow's international adventures. The present Pope has had an inexplicable soft spot for Waldheim, receiving him when only Communist and Arab rulers would do the same. How strange that his career should end with honors from the Vicar of Christ. Still, the very fact that the Vatican tried to play its tribute sotto voce demonstrates that the Holy Father knew exactly what his imprimatur means. Alas, the knighting also shows that the hatred of Jews is still no impediment to the esteem of the Church. Some say it was Waldheim's only qualification.

IT'S NOT ONLY THE ROMAN CATHolic hierarchy whose moral compass is more than a bit off. Just about a year ago the Greek Orthodox Church named Radovan Karadzic, who might aptly be called the butcher of Bosnia, "Knight (first rank) of the Sovereign Greek Order of Saint Dionysius of Xanthe." The 900-year-old order's knighthood, which honors "humanitarian achievement," was devolved on Karadzic because he is "one of the most prominent sons of Our Lord Jesus Christ working for peace." Were these Dionysians drunk? As the investiture was taking place, Karadzic's armies were enforcing ethnic cleansing on Sarajevo.

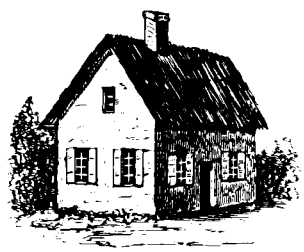
A DIFFERENT KIND OF SYMBOLIC politics is being played out in Washington. Confronted with the problem of crime in our cities, the right has fixed on the death penalty as the answer to our prayers, and that's why it was put into the crime bill. It's also one reason why the crime bill went down to defeat. After all, one person's totem is another's taboo. But, in federal legislation, the death penalty is sheer symbolism. Most federal crimes are white-collar; the crimes in which blood flows are state crimes. The death penalty for killing someone on an Indian reservation or murdering a postal inspector will do exactly nothing to tame the killer instincts loose on the streets. The administration has its own symbolic palliative to the fears that stalk the citizenry; it's for outlawing assault rifles. Don't get me wrong. I'd be willing to ban B.B. guns, and all other weapons, too. But in most of the cities and states where murder is a statistically significant cause of death, the arms that kill are, at the very least, registered and "controlled." I could no more carry an exposed semiautomatic down the streets of Cambridge without getting nabbed than I could drink from an open beer bottle. Lots of things are illegal in America. There are illegal drugs, there are illegal immigrants. To what effect? Adding some guns to the federal illegal category might advertise where our hearts are. But I doubt it will put a dent in the mugging and murder numbers of Atlanta and Detroit.

FROM THE VERY BEGINNING PRESIdent Clinton all but announced that he would play symbolic politics with his appointments. And he has. There were some jobs that were open only to women, some only to blacks. And the top foreign policy jobs were open only to white men. The two men who now run our foreign policy were also gatekeepers to the top two foreign policy jobs (and not only these). With Bill Clinton's indifferent assent they appointed themselves. If the Israelis weren't cooperating in giving him make-work, Warren Christopher would already be back in Los Angeles. His mark on U.S. foreign policy: exactly nothing. He's lucky. The disasters all bear the fingerprints of Anthony Lake, the national security adviser, who'll soon be back milking cows in western Massachusetts. This is an administration mostly populated by second-raters and lesser minds: Lloyd Bentsen, Janet Reno, Mike Espy, Dr. Elders. Of course, there are exceptions (I won't burden them by saying who they are), and they're probably accidents. Maybe the problem is that the president and Mrs. Clinton don't care about either brains or wisdom. What they mean by smarts is fast talking, and they think of experience as a history of fidelity to themselves. It didn't have to be this way. The independent-thinking stratum of American society is still largely Democratic. It could have been the resource pool for years to come. There was even a text to follow: Arthur Schlesinger's *The Coming of the New Deal.*

DEVAL PATRICK IS NO second-rater. A respected partner at Boston's tony Hill and Barlow which does a lot of my own legal work he's the black lawyer who was sent in to fill in as assistant attorney general for civil rights, the job left vacant by the dumping of Lani Guinier. Late in July Patrick petitioned a federal court to allow the Department of Justice to switch sides in a case involving a woman teacher who had been fired by Piscataway High School in New Jersey. The woman, who was white, had been fired to make room for a black. No one charged past discrimination on the part of the Board of Education or a racial imbalance among the staff. In the initial case the feds were the principal plaintiff on behalf of the fired teacher, and they and she won the day. This summer the school board appealed the court's ruling. Suddenly Patrick said that the United States had changed its mind and wanted to be the prime appellant litigant in reversing the ruling. The government's new position is, then, that white people can be fired for no other reason than the color of their skin if that firing advances affirmative action. A 1986 Supreme Court case (*Wygant* v. *Jackson Board of Education*) makes hash of the argument. No matter. Patrick has his views and, like it or not, they are effectively Bill Clinton's. Doubtless this is the kind of ugly symbolic politics the administration will not want on the front page or the front burner. Having disposed of Professor Guinier for what he decided were her embarrassing opinions, the president is now stuck with Patrick's far more mortifying actions.

MARTIN PERETZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Over half a million Americans have financed their dream with $100 billion in mortgage loans from The Prudential.

Proof that there's strength in numbers.

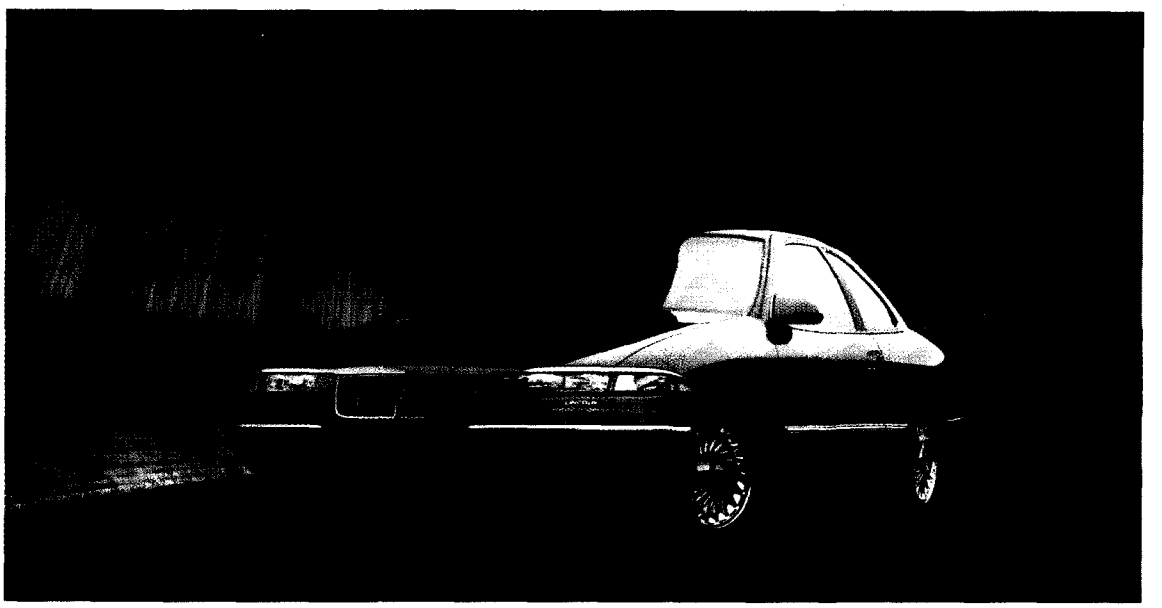
And peace of mind in strength.

ThePrudential®

Loans are offered through The Prudential Home Mortgage Company, Inc. The Prudential Home Mortgage Company, Inc., 8000 Maryland Avenue, Clayton, Missouri, is an affiliate of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, doing business as P.H. Mortgage Company, Inc. in Ohio. New York office: 48 South Service Road, Suite 100, Melville, New York 11747; Arizona BK 8408; Florida Licensed Mortgage Lender; Illinois Residential Mortgage Licensee; Licensed Mortgage Banker/New Jersey Department of Banking; Calif. Broker/Lender. All California loans will be made pursuant to a California Department of Corporations Consumer Finance Lender license or Commercial Finance Lender license. Equal Housing Opportunity. ©1994 The Prudential.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Is What Happens When Engineering Has Lunch With Accounting.



Lease The Lincoln Mark VIII, America's Best-Selling Luxury Coupe.*

STANDARD FEATURES

- 4.6-liter 32-valve Four-Cam V-8 engine
- Sequential multi-port electronic fuel injection
- Dual air bags**
- Four-wheel disc anti-lock brakes
- Anti-theft alarm
- Dual Autoglide front seats
- Six-way power driver and passenger seats with power recliner and lumbar support
- Electronic four-speed automatic overdrive transmission
- CFC-free electronic automatic climate control

$399

Per Month, 24-Month Lease†

Monthly Payment	$399†
Down Payment (net of RCL cash†††)	$2,550
Refundable Security Deposit	$400
Cash Due At Signing	$3,349††

For more information, call 1 800 255-5433.

LINCOLN

What A Luxury Car Should Be

Red Carpet Lease

*Based on total sales MYTD through 5/31/94. **Always wear your safety belt. †Lease payment based on '94 Mark VIII MSRP of $38,675 excluding tax and title with an average capitalized cost of 90.22% of MSRP for 24-month closed-end Ford Credit Red Carpet Leases purchased in the U.S. through 6/30/94. Some payments higher, some lower. See dealer for payment and terms. Payments may be higher in AK, CT, KY, MA, MO, NC, RI, TX & WV. For special lease terms, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 9/28/94. Lessee may have option to buy vehicle at lease end at a price negotiated with the dealer at signing. Lessee is responsible for excess wear/tear and $.11 per mile over 30,000 miles. Credit approval/insurability determined by Ford Credit. Total of monthly payments is $9,576. ††Excludes tax, title and other fees. Optional wheels shown not included in price. †††For $1,000 RCL cash, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 9/28/94.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED